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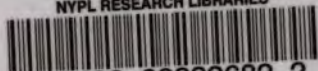
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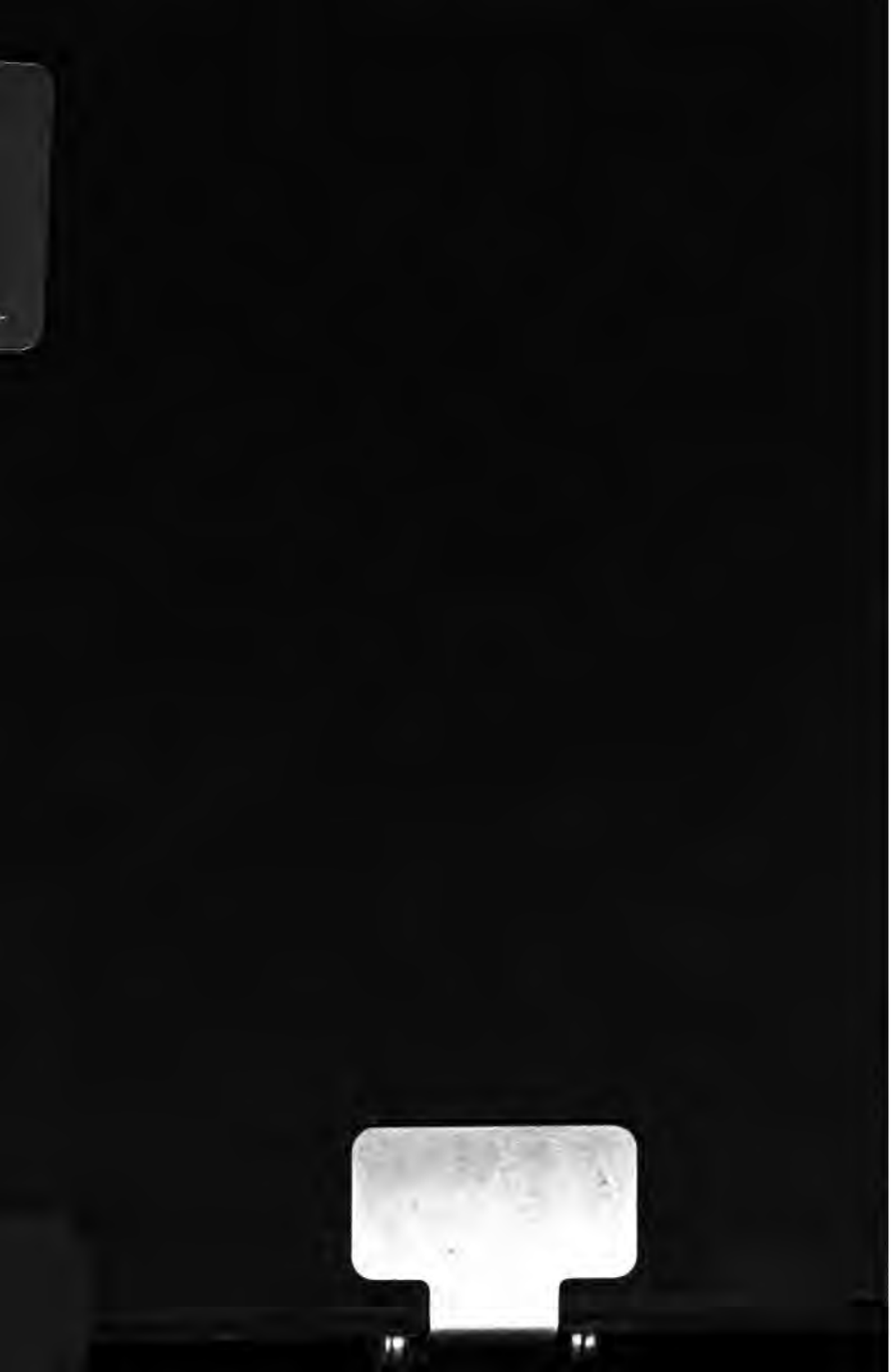


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# A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA



JAMES SALTER-WHITER, F.R.H.S.





1. Africa, South - Descr. and trav, 1800-<sup>AV</sup>  
1900

# A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA.

(Salt) <sub>E</sub>



# A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA

BY

JAMES SALTER-WHITER, F.R.H.S.

1



SUTTON, SURREY :

WILLIAM PILE, 26, HIGH STREET.

1892.

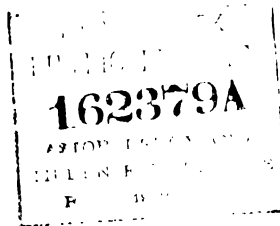
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**SUTTON, SURREY.**  
**WILLIAM PILE, 26, HIGH STREET.**  
**1892.**



## DEDICATION.

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In grateful acknowledgment to my many South African friends, whose courtesy, generous hospitality and warmhearted friendship have for ever endeared them to me, I dedicate this account of my experiences in the Colony, with the earnest wish that it may be of service as a hand-book to intending visitors, and also a means, in however small a degree, of encouraging a closer relationship and reciprocity between the Mother Country and the Colony in our mutual ambitions, sympathies, commerce, and interests.

J. SALTER-WHITER.

WALLINGTON,

*July 14th, 1892.*

*Posthumous 21 Dec. 1924*

## P R E F A C E .

---

IN the following pages Mr. SALTER-WHITER has described his recent visit to the Cape in a manner that cannot but be of value.

Starting from his own home he describes each incident of the journey, and points out the evils to be avoided and the advantages to be secured. He sees clearly the dangers of the coast land at the Cape and the remarkable virtue of the Karoo district. He shews the value of sunshine, dry air, and elevation in securing arrest, even in cases of advanced disease, and in Chapter XV., on 'Health,' he sketches out a route likely to be of essential service to many. The course pursued must vary in different cases, but the advantages of beginning with Wynberg, then going to Ceres, Matjesfontein, and Bloemfontein, are clearly exhibited.

The information is up to date, and in a country which is advancing so rapidly, this is a matter of no little moment. The charms of the voyage and of

the South African Colonies make a holiday trip to the Cape a delightful one, alike to the pleasure seeker and the invalid. Those who are fired, by the perusal of this book, with the desire to test for themselves the virtues of the climate, are not likely to regret their decision.

The observations of the Author, on the climates of South Africa, are of especial value, his naturally acute perceptions being rendered the more keen because he was, at the time of the trip, himself suffering from chest delicacy.

E. SYMES THOMPSON.

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# A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA.

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## CHAPTER I

### *From London to South Africa.*

**W**HAT a change? From the land of clouds, fogs, cold and wet, to the land of gold, diamonds, cloudless skies, warmth, and clear, exhilarating atmosphere. It seems almost incredible that these 5,979 miles can be spanned in the comparatively short space of time of some eighteen or twenty days, and even this record has been beaten by the magnificent new ocean steamer belonging to the Union Steamship Company, *The Scot*, a vessel of 6,844 tons and 1,200 horse power, which has accomplished the distance in fourteen days, fifteen hours, sixteen minutes. Such a journey need give no cause for anxiety, even to the most nervous of travellers. It was on the last day of October that we started from our dear little hamlet of Wallington, accompanied by many friends, whose kindness and affection would not be satisfied by merely saying "Good-bye" at Wallington Station, but urged them to make the journey to Waterloo or Southampton, and see us fairly on our voyage, at, I am sure, great personal

1. Africa, South - Descr. and trav, 1800-<sup>19</sup>  
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passengers depends in a very large measure upon the character and temper of the commander, and I cheerfully bear my unqualified testimony to the great courtesy and consideration this gentleman shows to all his passengers, not only to the swells of the first-class saloon, but equally to the second and third-class passengers. To a very great degree the whole of our pleasure on board ship is due to his exertions for our comfort and amusement. Once on board we find the deck in a great turmoil, luggage and passengers fairly well mixed up in a heap, some trying to find their cabin baggage, vain efforts, if they only knew how much trouble they could spare themselves. All one has to do is to give one's name to the steward, and after the ship starts he will speedily find the luggage as easily as a pointer finds a partridge, and carry it to your berth, without the least fear of its going astray. In the saloon we find luncheon ready for ourselves and friends, who on this occasion are the free guests of the Union Company. Having attended to the wants of the inner man, and joined the well-known "self admiration society," by toasting each other in champagne, our friends prepare to say the last farewell and rejoin the tender which takes them ashore. The mails are on board, and the ringing voice of the first officer sounds "any more for the shore." One more hearty grasp of the hand and our friends, who have come so far to try and cheer us on our way, are gone. A shiver from stem to stern tells us the ship is moving on her long voyage, and we bid good-bye to dear old England, and the still dearer ones it protects, with

the fervent prayer that the primary object of our voyage—"health"—may be obtained. At seven o'clock dinner is served, but it has not reached two courses before, one by one, the passengers deem it the better part of valour to "retire." One begins to sympathise, and spoils one's appetite. To my great regret my young friend, who has been advised to take this trip for the same reason as I, and to whom I stand for the time being in the relationship of foster father, also has to retire to the solitude, and I am sorry to say the misery, of his cabin. Oh! that wretched *mal de mer*; truly only those who experience it can realise what it means. Personally, I have never known what it is to be sea-sick, but I have suffered almost as much in observing the tortures endured by my fellow travellers. This voyage I have had a fair experience of this in tending my young protégé for four days, and do not think I have ever seen anyone so *hors de combat*. At the same time I was proud that he forced the admiration of all the officers for the manly and plucky way in which he tried to master the elements. The worst feature of this wretched weakness is that there is absolutely no cure or means of alleviation of its terrors. The only advice I can give to all who suffer is to take corrective medicine three days before leaving home, to feed well, and get the system in as strong a condition possible. A couple of lemons taken an hour before embarkation is the only possible preventive antidote to this tantalising sickness. By dint of persuasion, I managed to induce my charge to eat all he could, and on the fifth day the nourishment partaken

had the desired result of once more placing him on his "sea legs," and on the sixth day he was quite a man again. After all there is one consolation—it is an invariable rule that those who are sea-sick always derive most benefit from a sea voyage. After dinner darkness had fairly set in, and a keen easterly wind did not invite passengers to leave the comfortable and magnificent saloon with which the ship is furnished. The first-class saloon on the *Mexican* is one of the chief features and attractions of the ship, and is certainly one of the finest apartments on any vessel afloat, accommodating upwards of one hundred guests without crowding. Having an hour or two spare time before "turning in," let the reader accompany me in an inspection of one of these "floating palaces" of the ocean, for in the year of grace 1891, these splendid steamers of the Union Steamship Company are certainly "palaces" in every sense of the word. The ship is rigged as a three-masted schooner, but the sails she carries are never used excepting as a means of steadying the vessel in a heavy sea or swell. She is on the Admiralty list as a possible armed cruiser to start in quest of enemy's merchantmen, or for convoying, and is, of course, built in watertight compartments. This ship may be described as a splendid sea boat, steady at sea and honestly built, and is one of the best arranged and most commodious passenger ships afloat. Above the saloon we have the ladies' saloon and music room, a beautiful compartment, with a second room for the exclusive use of ladies only, fitted with luxurious couches, a boon greatly

valued by the delicate, as they are able to rest and recline above deck perfectly sheltered from the wind, and yet enjoy the fresh sea air without draught. Leaving the saloon towards the stern we find a spacious quarter-deck, well protected from the wind and spray by high bulwarks, a capital place for promenade, cricket, quoits, and other games, freely indulged in by "Young England." Forwards from the saloon we have two alley-ways, containing the bar, and pantries, the officers' berths, state rooms, and lavatories, but I should not recommend anyone to take one of these deck state-rooms, as the heat and noise of the engines, which occupy the middle space, are not calculated to entice Morpheus to pour down gentle sleep on the tired and weary traveller. Quite forward we find the first-class smoking room. A capital one it is, too, lined with white marble, which makes it one of the coolest spots in the tropics, through which we are presently to pass. We then emerge on to a spacious fore-castle, pronounced, if you please, "foke'sel" (always give the nautical terms, though you "'aint no sailor bold, and never was upon the sea"). Here are congregated the second and third class passengers, with our friends the Salvationists, to whom I must bear the testimony that they did all in their power to enhance the pleasure and well-being of their fellow passengers. Services were held by them at intervals, and were conducted in a far superior and preferable manner to what has recently been witnessed at Eastbourne. To their honour, be it said, they have not prostituted religion

to a comedy, nor have they made it aggressive, a fault to my mind which spoils and mars much of the good work they are nobly endeavouring to do.

Above the saloon, engine rooms, and domestic offices, we have a fine hurricane deck, from which a view of the whole ship and many miles to seaward can be obtained. Below the main deck we have the lower deck with the sleeping accommodation and bath rooms. Each cabin is fitted with two berths, one placed above the other, like shelves in a cupboard, and I regret to say, for long legs like mine exceedingly uncomfortable. One always wishes that one's legs were telescopic, so that they might be shut up, and give more play to the head and feet with the rolling and pitching of the ship. I assure you it is not a "happy" feeling to find your head going through the hard wood panel of your bunk one moment, and the next to find your feet inclined to make a dangerous aperture in the woodwork just above your next-door neighbour's cranium. Such things are not to be called the comfort of a voyage. Each cabin is fitted with a miniature toilet table and washstand combined, a marvel of *multum in parvo*. Then for the baths on board. Conveniently situate close to one's cabin, there is every inducement to indulge in a plentiful use of *aqua pura*. What a blessing is a cold tub on board ship. How capitally salt water and breakfast go together; they make a new man of one. Invigorating and appetising, if not "grateful and comforting;" and these are baths on the *Mexican* in every sense of the word. Built of white marble slabs, six feet six inches long by

four feet wide, one can plunge and splash to one's heart's content, without fear of spoiling the finery and useless ornamental objects usually contained in our private English bath-rooms. We take a turn round the ship to the smoking-room, smoke the pipe of peace with our fellows, commence, perhaps, a personal friendship, or only a passing acquaintance—who can tell which?—with those with whom for the first time we hold converse, and then turn in for the night. What a comfort to find a really comfortable bed after an exciting and tiring day. The berth is fitted with every convenience, including electric light, which you switch on and off yourself. Softly resigning yourself to the god of sleep, the thump, thump of the engines gradually fits in with your dreams, you fall asleep and are happy. Sunday morning breaks rather cold and rough. The attendance at breakfast is very thin, and suggestive of the presence of that *bête noir mal de mer*. At half-past ten the ship's crew is mustered on the quarter deck for inspection by the captain, and after the roll call, dismissed to attend Divine service in the saloon a few minutes later; hence service at sea is rendered the more impressive, and it is in general observed only by those who have a worthy desire to dedicate the short hour to the honour of their Creator. What an impressive service it is. None but those who have attended such an one can imagine the force with which the special prayer appointed for those at sea is brought home to the worshippers, read in a beautiful reverent manner by our gallant captain. The grand, dear old flag of old England, the Union Jack,

formed the reading desk, and carried the mind back to those in our own country, who at the same time and hour join us in our petitions to the Giver of all good. It speaks well for the example set by all the officers to their men, for there were at least fifty of them at this our first Sunday's service. Life on board ship is a capital place to study the various phases of human nature. What a conglomeration of mankind is to be found on these ocean steamers, and how soon our class prejudices are swept away by the cosmopolitan character of our fellow passengers. It is a motley crew which assembles here, drawn together into the small space of this floating Noah's ark, with nothing in common but the wish to get to South Africa. We have the sportsman off to shoot big game in the Transvaal, and to see if he can find Lord Randolph's lions. What! says he, seven lions and lionesses together at once! Such a thing has seldom, very seldom been heard of, for the gentlemen of the party would probably fall out as to the comparative merits of the fair sex, and claw one another until none remained to shew evidence of the struggle. A lion and lioness with their cubs, yes, but seven full grown animals in peaceful harmony. They might have been cows, for cows in South Africa are dun coloured, and do run uncommonly fast. I do not take the responsibility for the value of the argument, but I have heard it advanced very frequently. Then we have an eminent prospector of gold mines, who is certainly a past master in geology. Consumptives and delicate ladies are also present, seeking a kindlier clime

where the clear dry air of South Africa will take the hectic flush out of his or her cheek, and tan it with the glow of quickly circulating health. There is also the young man with a university education and degree as his stock-in-trade, off to join the Cape Mounted Rifles. There is also the earnest and ideal young colonist, off to carve out a fortune by dint of his small but sufficient capital, his own strong arm, and thorough British dogged perseverance. God speed him, for it is such as he that have built up our glorious Greater Britain beyond the seas, and poured their increasing wealth into the old country. How I wish men like Mr. Labouchere, who are always clamouring for scuttling out of our colonies and giving them absolute independence, would only take a journey to the "land of gold and diamonds," and see with their own eyes, the piles of wealth these colonies are ever adding to the commonwealth of the empire. Our colonies! why they have done more for the welfare of our working classes than all these gassy politicians ever dreamt of. Do the latter ever consider the number of looms and foundries of all kinds kept constantly employed to supply the wants of our colonies only? Let them study the manifest of cargo carried by the various ships every week, and most of these goods made by British workmen, who, but for our colonial empire, would speedily join the army of the unemployed. Then we have several Cape merchants, who are returning, after a few months' holiday in the old country, combining business with pleasure. What a fund of information they are able to give to one like myself,



who is seeking to know our South African cousins, and their manners, as they truly are, and not as they have, I begin to think, been falsely pictured; at any rate I can speak for those whom the kind fates have sent aboard this ship to instruct what a great man calls "an open mind." Those with us are mostly engaged in the wholesale dry goods trade, with branch houses in the important business centres of Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Natal, Transvaal, and even Mashonaland and British Bechuanaland. Thanks to the cordial invitations they have given me, I hope to write you a truthful picture as to the impressions this rich country makes upon one who is unbiassed by politics, or any other interests, save those of truth. I wish to portray the "Afrikander" as he is; for I fear, clever man as he undoubtedly is, Lord Randolph Churchill has allowed his judgment to run riot, and all the colonists I have met feel very sore over what they call "the gross injustice of his unfounded strictures;" and even our own people say his remarks, touching the Boers of the Transvaal, have called forth a loud cry of indignant denial from all the many races of South Africa.

Last, but not least, upon our passenger list, are the children, and we have a large number of them in the first-class. Leaning over the rail of the music-room I look down upon as pretty a scene as I ever witnessed. Above me was the handsome domed skylight, beneath me on the main deck there was a table at which a number of children—some thirty or more—with their nurses, were eating. It was a heavy day, the wind was on the eastern

or port quarter, and a long high swell; the water was sapphire blue in places, marbled with white foam, and the sun shone out brilliantly, at times, on the curling restless crests of the waves, and upon the large skylight under which I stood looking down on a charming nursery scene. The children, of all ages and sizes, from the infant in arms to the man (as he thinks himself) of seven summers, all variously and prettily dressed; the sunshine fell upon sweet faces and golden curls, and through the ceaseless roars of the elements, the straining, groaning, grinding and pulsing of the engine, and the rattle of the steering gear, you could hear the music of the happy children's laughter. Those rows of bright and merry little faces communicated an inexpressible human interest to as much of the picture of the ship as I commanded from the spot where I stood. The children and their companions came and went dimly and brightly with the reeling of the ship. It was more like a vision than a reality—"a poem in the heart of the storming steamer." We certainly did get a slight dusting in the Bay of Biscay, but after leaving Finisterre we found the sea much heavier than in the Bay. There had evidently been some large area of storm winds right away to the westward of the Atlantic, which gave us the benefit of a long, regular swell, gently tipped with pure white crests of foam. These rollers came like a regiment of soldiers in regular order on our beam, causing the ship to lurch heavily first to port and then to starboard, the effects of which were disastrous to our suffering passengers, though very enjoyable for some of

the more robust, who amused themselves by singing songs at the further end of the ship, where the full motion of the waves could be best experienced. These heavy seas continued for the rest of the journey to Madeira, where we arrived on Wednesday evening at half-past five o'clock. Having received an invitation to dine with some old friends on shore, and the announcement having been posted up on the ship that passengers were at liberty to go ashore until ten p.m., we took a boat, and once more made acquaintance with this lovely island. Madeira has been so well written up that there remains but little to record. The green and beautiful island is a noble refreshment to the sight after the tedious and tossing days of a stormy passage. It has with truth been called an oasis in the midst of a waste of waters, but I think a better description would be "The garden of Eden transplanted." A more lovely marine view than the first sight of Madeira from the deck of a ship, is not to be obtained anywhere. From the anchorage the Island lies like a painting before you, the mountains gradually rising from the very sea shore up to a height of six thousand feet, covered almost to their summits with verdure and forests, strongly suggestive of some of the finest parts of Switzerland. The towering peaks have nothing forbidding in their elevation; the vapour in soft masses wreathes itself like garlands of snow about the heads of the mountains. The atmosphere is beautifully clear and dry; the white houses, dwarfed by distance, shine like ivory toys, and the foam dashes in cascades at the foot of

the rocks. As regards the Flora of the Island, nearly every plant of Europe, and many of tropical Africa, are to be found here in profusion. Flowers which we in England find difficulty in raising in our hothouses, grow here by the hedgerows. Geraniums and heliotrope are common weeds thrusting their heads from between every rock and stone, where there is the scantiest of soil. Fruits are abundant. Strawberries can be obtained for eight months of the year, whilst the orange is always in bloom, and most marvellous of sights, always in fruit. It is, indeed, curious to see bloom and fruit side by side on the same tree. Guavas, melons, citrons, lemons, oranges, alligator pears, and pears and apples of all kinds, custard apples, mangoes, bananas, grapes, figs and loquots are to be had at almost all seasons. For chest complaints and lung troubles I do not think the air of Madeira is to be beaten. During my sojourn there last year I came across some advanced consumptives, in some of whom the disease was entirely arrested, and very many others who were on the high road to recovery. Phthisis, like all other wasting complaints, is not incurable, if properly treated *from the commencement*, and I am sure thousands who succumb to this dreadful complaint have simply been victims to procrastination. I met a gentleman who had a large cavity in both lungs, and seven years ago was carried ashore almost *in extremis*, but with the pure and invigorating atmosphere he speedily regained strength and gradually put on flesh, and to-day, though still what one must term a delicate man, yet is entirely free from the

disease, and all further progress is arrested. His medical adviser told me that provided he remains at Madeira he would never die of consumption. The only drawback to Madeira is that it is in the hands of the Portuguese, a people who are at least a century behind the times, and to my mind, a nation that is decidedly retrograde in their administration. The fact is the whole Government is too expensively managed. Nearly every third person one meets is an official of some kind, and officials, we all know, require pay; this the revenues of the kingdom are not able to bear, and the consequence is the country is fast drifting into absolute bankruptcy. The lower classes among the Portuguese are civil, obliging and polite, in fact an honest and trustworthy people; but once convert the citizen into an official, with a small piece of gold lace round his cap, and dear me, Julius Cæsar is not in it with him. His head erect, his peacock's strut, and the nasal organ elevated another thirty degrees, and such vulgar people as the hated Englishman is unworthy of notice, except an opportunity can be made to annoy him. Truly they are a short-sighted people, for history shows that England has always been Portugal's best friend, but so great is the jealousy at present existing, that last year on the occasion of one of their public fete days, when Funchal was decorated with thousands of flags of all nations, not a single English flag of any sort or kind could be seen from one end of the town to the other; yet it is beyond question that Madeira is indebted for nearly all the gold that flows into it from the English visitors

and English merchants. John Bull has been a big thief of other people's property in olden days. It is a pity he overlooked this beautiful little gem of the ocean ; for, though the town is dirty and poor, he certainly would have converted it into the finest watering place in the world.

We left Maderia about 10.30 p.m., and from this time forward it was a lovely sail through sunny seas. Many think that a voyage of even three weeks must be very monotonous. Not a bit of it. Let any naturally busy and industrious man once take passage on board one of these ocean palaces, equipped with all the paraphernalia of his various hobbies, and I predict he will not touch one of them, for the best of all reasons—he has no time. From early morning till late at night there is always so much to see and so many topics of interest ; even a school of porpoises will amuse most passengers for a good half hour. Then there is the excitement of a sweepstake on the run of the ship the last twenty-four hours ; then some very excellent music. We appointed an entertainment committee, and these gentlemen provided us with an endless succession of fun. Cricket, quoits, and ball forming our out-door sports, concerts and nigger entertainments for the saloon ; whilst the captain and officers most generously decorated the quarter-deck with flags and bunting for out-door dances, which were well patronised. In passing I must bear unqualified testimony to the great kindness and courtesy of Captain Larmar and all his officers. Would there were more officers such as they are. One and all, when off duty, their constant aim seemed to be to enhance the comfort

and well being of those under their care. To see our captain paying the same attention to the second and third-class passengers evoked heart felt admiration, and I think the climax was reached when we found him giving a spare five minutes—though a bachelor—to playing with the children. I have had a close personal acquaintance with the whole of the crew on this and my preceding voyage home from Madeira, and the spirit of harmony which pervades the whole tone of the management of this ship from the captain downwards to the boy apprentice speaks volumes for skipper and men. One loses all fear upon so perfectly a managed ship as this, and one must never forget that the safety of the hundreds of human souls is as much in the hands of the officers as of the captain. I think folks are somewhat given to overlook this fact, for though the captain is the main spring of the whole of the navigation, yet the officers are responsible for the safety of the vessel during their watch—no slight responsibility. We pass Cape Verde, and then commences my first experience of tropical heat, which, though great, is not half so uncomfortable as many are led to imagine. To keep in health one has but to take frequent doses of quinine, and occasionally a little of Eno's fruit salt, one of the very finest medicines for a tropical climate. We bowl along under all sail that can be found aboard a three-master schooner rigged steamer, with the incessant thud and shiver of the screw, which seems to be the nearest approach to perpetual motion, never resting the whole voyage through with the sole exception of the break

at Madeira. As regards the food supplied upon these vessels, it is all the most fastidious can require, and certainly equal to any of our finest London hotels. One is at liberty to eat at any hour of the day, even between meals, at no extra charge, whilst the wines and spirits are good and at moderate prices ; some are even cheaper than can be had at any city restaurant. Should any complaint arise, it is always personally investigated by the captain, who, in order to ensure cleanliness, daily inspects every cooking utensil, and it is bad business for any steward or cook who has not everything perfectly clean and ready for inspection at eleven a.m., when the captain visits every part of the ship.

Among the many amusements we enjoyed *en route*, we certainly cannot include the concert which at one time gave promise of success, but was spoilt in this instance, not by too many, but too few, cooks. Oh! that concert! The memory of the performances of some of the amateurs, and of one young man in particular, who really thought he had a voice, "don't you know," but who seemed to draw in the sounds at his mouth and expel them through the nasal organ with a very pronounced American twang, was not a happy one. Of course, what was lacking in voice was more than made up for in assurance, and this gentleman must have had many enemies on board, as he tortured them with the murder of such beautiful ballads as "Will He Come?" and "Love's Old Sweet Song." I trust never to hear these ditties again, for they will certainly recall the torture endured on the briny deep. The selection of voices and



ability was made without any discrimination—those among the passengers who had both were quietly passed over and ignored, and one lady, a mistress of both the piano and the art of song, after having been asked to assist, was struck out without a word of explanation or apology, her place being taken by a child of fourteen, who inflicted punishment on the audience by means of a violin. The affair was got up by the only clique formed on board—fortunately for the passengers, a very unimportant body—who, after this *fiasco*, the only exception to our otherwise perfect enjoyment, had not sufficient courage to inflict any more agonies upon us. One may be sure that any public function managed by a clique is foredoomed to failure. Our clique consisted of two ladies and two gentlemen, one a passenger, and I regret to say (for he is a gentleman and a very good fellow) one of the staff of the ship. The ladies, during the whole voyage, made themselves very disagreeable and obnoxious to all the passengers, by their discourtesy and the airs and graces they assumed. Real enjoyment can be obtained among a cosmopolitan population, such as one meets aboard ship, by studying the different phases of society there portrayed. I have long since come to the conclusion that the true gentleman or gentlewoman is not to be found among the affectations. A true diamond requires no silver foil backing to bring out its fire and lustre, it is only the imitation of the genuine article that need assume an art and grace that it does not possess, which counterfeit is at once detected and naturally rejected as useless dross.

To the captain's and officers' honour, be it said, they were most careful not to encourage any clique or super-elect party of any kind. The captain made himself as much the servant of the poor third-class passenger and the children, as he ever did of those who could afford the luxury of the first-class saloon. Captain Larmar very wisely always left the initiation of any entertainment to the general body of his passengers, but the ball having once been set rolling no better colleague than our skipper could be found. He was always willing and ready to do all in his power for the general pleasure of those in his charge. Thus he solved the very difficult problem how to please all and offend none; in this he was ably supported by his officers. I think the most successful of all our sports were the Athletic. We organised tournaments for the first-class passengers both at "bucket quoits" and "bull." The competition in these was very keen, and caused great excitement, for we had some really skilful players on board. These games were followed by a tug of war between the first and second-class passengers, which was in every instance won by the first-class, only for them to be ignominiously thrashed by the crew, against whom the landsmen could make no headway. Jack can pull a rope, and as a critic I judge he beat our men because when several tars haul a rope they all pull together as one man. "Cock-fighting" and "dipping for spuds" followed. The former is a match between two sailors, who are pinioned by having a stout stick fixed under both knee joints, and each end above the elbow, the hands tied firmly together,

they sit opposite one another having the appearance of trussed fowls. They wriggle up from each end of a large circle chalked upon the deck until their feet meet, and then each tries to push his opponent over on his side, and thence kick him over and over out of the ring. It is perfectly ludicrous to see these fellows tumble about, for once they lose their equilibrium there is no getting up again, hands, arms, knees, and legs being all firmly fixed together, it is simply a case of tumbling about in all directions. To appreciate the fun one must personally see the game; for description, however graphic, cannot convey an idea of the absurd positions the tumbling masses of humanity get into. "Dipping for spuds" is almost as comic. Twelve potatoes are placed in a large foot-bath, which is filled to the brim with salt sea-water, and the water is salt in these latitudes. Each competitor kneels beside the bath and dives his head into it, mouth wide open, and picks out the potatoes one by one with the teeth until all are fetched from the bottom of the bath. The amount of sea-water swallowed during this operation can better be imagined than explained. The first prize was won by a sailor, who did the trick in thirty-five seconds, being a mean average of less than three seconds for each potatoe. He told me he swallowed at least a pint of salt water during the operation. Running matches for the stewards of the ship, who had to carry tumblers full of water without spilling a drop, and races for both sailors and stewards followed, the whole of the sports occupying two days, which relieved any monotony that might, after

fourteen days' steaming, be felt. The great success of the sports was certainly owing to the energetic organisation and management of the ship's surgeon, Dr. H. A. Spencer, and at their termination he was rewarded by the enthusiastic cheers of the passengers.


On Thursday, November 19th, we dropped anchor in Table Bay at 2.15 a.m. The sudden cessation of the grinding oscillation of the propeller, and the luxury of calm water, quickly awoke most of the passengers, who could hardly believe we were at last so near the end of our journey of 5,984 miles from Southampton. In passing, I should like to mention that navigation has now been brought to such perfection that the *Mexican* has never deviated from her course more than two miles out of six passages. By the courtesy of the officers I was allowed to copy the log of the ship, from which I obtained the following record of miles run from Southampton to Cape Town during the last six voyages, viz.: 5,983 miles, 5,983 miles, 5,984 miles, 5,983 miles, 5,985 miles, 5,983 miles. Such a record does credit both to Captain Larmer and the navigating officer, Mr. Leader. I was up at five a.m. to see the magnificent view of Cape Town from the sea. Words and description entirely fail to portray the grandeur and magnificence of this "Queen city of the South." It is a brilliant pearl beautifully set in an azure sky and an azure sea, with the Giant Table Mountain guarding the precious jewel at its feet from encroachment on the south and east, whilst along its western frontier rise the Bleuberg Mountains, flanked by

brilliant seas, whose borders are hemmed in with the purest white silversands.



## CHAPTER II.

### *Cape Town.*

APE Town, the capital of Cape Colony, lies on its promontory at the extreme end of the continent, in a deep valley between two mountains, one high, flat, and of pure rock, its stupendous front overhanging the town, the other lower and rounded, its cliff worn away everywhere but on one mighty head, which it rears into the blue sky. The town, with its flat-roofed houses, mostly of one storey, and long straight streets, built squarewise, is situate on a bay as blue and delicately curved as that of Naples, which Italian city Cape Town far surpasses in beauty. Here it was that the wandering Hottentots on shore saw the first sails creep across the waters of their beautiful bay. Here, in 1652, Jan Anthony van Riebeek, an officer of the Dutch East India Company, landed with his men and built the first houses, and planted the first gardens. The fort they built in those early days may still be seen near the sea shore; the small low block houses are still visible on the mountain spurs, and were used in those days as outlook towers against the incursions of native foes. Here the Dutch also imported their slaves, often bringing them

from Batavia and Madagascar. These slaves were treated with the most barbarous inhumanity, and the archives of the Dutch East India Company are full of revolting details of the tortures to which they were subjected, for sometimes even trivial offences. I extract a sample. Holben relates that in 1712 he saw a slave burnt to death. "They are," says he, "most detestable and wicked wretches, and it is now and then a most difficult thing to keep them in order." This slave had tried to burn down his master's house; they tied him to an upright post by a chain, which allowed him to make one turn about it; then a fire was kindled about him, just beyond the stretch of the chain. The flames rose high; the heat was vehement. He ran for some time to and fro about the post, but gave not one cry. Being half roasted he sank down, and speaking in Portuguese, said, "Dios mio Pays" (Oh! God my Father), and expired. These things have passed away now, before the triumphal Cross of Christ, just as the thumbscrew and the rack have gone from Europe; and as all the dark works of evil must flee from the fierce and searching light of the knowledge of Him who taught the white man that great commandment, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." For ten or more miles along the foot of the mountains stretch the suburbs of Cape Town, villa and garden, and pine and oak avenues, mingling in endless succession. Here a man might dream away his life, buried in roses, and plumbago, and forget that pain and care exist. Here, "far from the madding crowd," one can ignore the postman's knock, with its summons to political or

municipal meetings, final notices from the rate collector, quarterly bills, and the attendant worries, carried by the postal system. Cablegrams are fortunately too expensive a luxury for our home friends to indulge in, *ad libitum*. I think one of the finest views in the world is that from the Kloof behind Cape Town. To the right is Table Mountain, one of the sublimest masses of solid conglomerate in the terrestrial universe; below are the pine woods and the tower, with its white flat houses, and beyond the cobalt curved bay, the mountains of the Hottentots with a canopy of clouds appearing and receding again into the azure vault of Heaven. As you turn, behind you is the blue south Atlantic as far as the eye can reach, and the terrible serrated peaks of the Twelve Apostles stand facing it, peak beyond peak, as they have stood from the time when the earth was "void and without form," with the sea breaking in the small bays at their feet. Here I found many families of the old Huguenots, of whom I have also the honour to be a direct descendant. They were driven from France, as we were, in 1687, by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and winnowed by the unerring flail of religious persecution, form the finest element ever added to the population of South Africa. France little knew that in her persecution of the Protestants she was driving the best blood out of her kingdom, to the eternal enrichment of her bitterest enemy, England. By the influx of the Huguenots England gained in Ireland the linen industry, in Yorkshire and the West of England the woollen manufactures. In



Norwich, Braintree, Congleton, Macclesfield, Leek, Manchester, and not least, Spitalfields, the silk trade. To mention the whole of the benefits that have accrued to our dear country by the short-sighted policy of the Church of Rome, and of France in particular, would be more than the scope of this work would warrant.

The labouring classes are, as elsewhere in South Africa, coloured, and here largely half castes, the descendants of the first Dutch residents and their slaves, or more rarely of blended Dutch and Hottentot blood. In Cape Town itself are hundreds of Malays, Chinamen, and Hindoos, besides representatives of almost every nation and creed under the sun. The thoroughfares of Cape Town were laid out at right angles with each other by its Dutch founders, the principal arteries of traffic running straight from the base of the mountain to the beach, and being crossed from east to west by narrower streets. Generally speaking the buildings are not harmonious in their architectural character. Some are of only one storey, others two or three stories high, some with balconies, others with a plain verandah; picturesque but not artistic. A few are built of stone, but the majority are composed of brick and plaster. The finest and noblest street is Adderley Street, named after Sir Charles Adderley, a former Governor, which is the principal thoroughfare, and its claims to the title of the premier street of the city (and I think colony) are justified, both by the amount of trade transacted within its limits, as well as by the fact that the finest stores and public

buildings are situated in it. Besides this, Adderley Street is the only street running direct to the sea. Before its development into a business thoroughfare many wealthy residents had their mansions here. It contains the very finest shops, stores, and business premises in the Colony. The magnificent large drapery establishment of Messrs. Thorne, Stuttaford, and Co., is one of the first objects of interest. In examining their windows, shop after shop, with articles of every description therein displayed to tempt the curiosity and desire of the public, from a silver knife to the richest brocaded silks, velvets, and laces running up to pounds per yard, one can but fancy he is in Regent Street or New Bond Street. We at home have no idea or conception of the state of advanced trade in which this go-ahead colony is to be found at the present day. Later on I will give the result of a personal inspection of one of these large import warehouses, which may be interesting to many of those who have "business in many waters and go down to the sea in ships." Opposite, and a little to the right of Messrs. Thorne-Stuttaford's premises, a magnificent detached richly ornamented building with a fine dome, surmounted by a more than life-size figure of Britannia, rivets the attention. This is the Standard Bank of South Africa, and is considered the finest commercial building in the city. Since the lamentable bank failures of two of the Cape Town banks quite recently, this institution has naturally materially benefitted, but it has now to face some strong competition from a comparatively new banking company called "The

South African Banking Corporation," which has a fine suite of offices higher up the same street. I had the pleasure of coming out on the same boat with this company's representative and inspector, Mr. H. A. Herbert, who is well-known in banking circles, and was for many years the chief manager of the Oriental Bank in Japan and China. He is proud of being an Irishman of the right sort; a good hard-headed son of Erin who has the sense to see that Home Rule would mean anarchy and chaos for his native land. He will no doubt prove a formidable opponent to the Standard Bank, as "he knows his way about." At the top of Adderley Street is the entrance to Government Avenue, on the left side of which are the Houses of Parliament. A compact block of buildings, always open to the inspection of the public; completed in 1886 at a cost of £220,000. These buildings are without doubt the largest and handsomest in South Africa, and cannot fail to compel the admiration of all visitors to Cape Town, not only for their bold architectural design, but for the beautiful situation in which they stand. Besides embracing a large collection of public offices, they contain two handsome and commodious chambers for the sittings of the Legislative Council (the Upper House consisting of twenty-two members) and the Legislative Assembly (the Lower House, composed of seventy-four members), respectively. The principal front of the buildings measure two hundred and sixty-four feet. In the centre is a large portico, approached on three sides by a commanding flight of granite steps, and leading into the

grand vestibule, the two debating chambers, and side offices. The base of the building, from the ground to the level of the first floor, is of paarl granite; the remainder is of red bricks, relieved by pilasters, and window dressing of Portland cement. The whole building, which was designed by Mr. H. S. Greaves, of the Colonial Public Works Department, and erected by Messrs. Bull & Sons, of Southampton, is surrounded by beautiful grounds, enclosed by a handsome palisading of graceful design. Parliament here meets once a year, and oftener if necessary. The sittings are not protracted, as, fortunately, they have not yet descended to the vile system of party obstruction, which disgraces our Imperial Parliament at home, brought to such a fine art, by some of our representatives. Occupying a commanding position in the northern ground of the Parliament Houses, is the statue of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, erected, in the words of Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier of the day, as "an expression of the affection of the people of this colony to Her Majesty's person, and as an indication of their adherence to that form of Constitutional Government which places the Sovereign at the head of the State." The statue is a faithful representation of our great and good Queen, carved out of one block of marble, by Mr. T. Brock, R.A., the eminent sculptor. It is ten and a half feet high, and with the pedestal, stands over twenty feet above the level of the grounds. It was unveiled on the 21st of January, 1890, by Sir Henry Loch, the present Governor of the Colony. The figure is full length; in the right hand is the sceptre

and in the left the orb. A diadem is on the head, and the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, together with the Colonial Order, are plainly visible upon the bodice. The skirt is ornamented with roses, shamrocks, and thistles. Government House, the official residence of Her Majesty's representative in the Colony, is on the left side of Government Avenue, past the Houses of Parliament. It is a heavy, irregular building, and has been altered and added to from time to time. Although vast sums of money have been spent upon it, it is considered by successive Governors to be wholly unfit for its purposes. I certainly think it a poor, mean dwelling to accommodate with proper dignity any direct representative of the Queen. Cape Town also possesses a public library, museum, commercial exchange, law-courts, botanical gardens, a cathedral, hospitals of various kinds, several markets, and churches of all denominations.

Having brought the reader step by step from Southampton to Cape Town, and laid the city as well as I am able to do, by description, at his feet, I now wish to shew him something of its people, and their manners and customs, through my own eyeglass, which is perfectly unprejudiced in its lens, and used only for the purpose of learning the truth, and nothing but the truth, of the character and ways of our South African colonial fellow subjects. I come here to Cape Town with a mind absolutely void to preconceived notions of this country, perfectly uninfluenced by the opinions of "Globe trotters," and those who "always know every-

thing, don't you know," before they ever leave their own native shore.

In treating of my own experiences, whatever they may be, good or the reverse, I shall give an honest and simple account of South Africa as I found it. It is customary to ridicule the traveller who passes rapidly through a country, and then writes his impression of it. To an extent this ridicule is just, but not altogether so. I once met an American who, to use his own expression, had "seen the whole of Switzerland in five days." Upon cross-examination I found he had *passed through* Switzerland in five days and had seen some mountains and valleys *from the train*, but he did not remember the name of a single town, hamlet, village, mountain, valley or waterfall, excepting Interlacken, Lucerne and Geneva, with its lake, and even then he mixed up Geneva with Lucerne, in happy bliss and ignorance. By the earnest observant traveller much is seen which is hidden for ever from the eyes of the inhabitants. Habit and custom have blinded them. They are indignant when it is said that their land is arid, that it has few running streams, that its population is scanty, and the vegetables are scarce; and they are amused and surprised when the visitor revels in the glorious rarity of their air, and the scientific interest of their mingled people's; yet these are the prominent external features which differentiate their land from all others. In spite of all this, there is a sense in which the people of a country are justified in their contempt for the bird's-eye view of the stranger. There is a certain

knowledge of a land which is only to be gained by one born in it, or brought into long continued and close personal contact with it, and which, in its perfection, is perhaps, never obtained by any man, of a country which he has not inhabited before he was thirty. It is the emotional sympathy with its nature; and the comprehension, not merely of the vices and virtues of its people, but of the reason of their existence, which is possible to a man only with regard to a country that is more or less his own. A stranger sees a barren scene, but of the emotion and love which that barren native mountain is capable of awakening in the heart of the man who lives under its shadow he knows nothing. He marks the curious custom, but of the social condition which originated it, and the passions concerned in its maintenance, the stranger and globe trotter absolutely understand nothing. The subtle, sympathetic knowledge of a land and people is that which is essential to the artist, and to any great leader of men. Without this knowledge no author has ever faithfully portrayed a land or a people; no statesman ever led or guided a nation. To Mr. Gladstone nothing is easier than to make a speech which shall move five thousand Scotchmen to exuberance. No foreigner could do it. He might lay out the arguments as well. He could not put out his hand with a sympathetic knowledge of Sandy's little weaknesses, and touch chord after chord of national emotion, tickling the ear with words of promise, producing what harmonies he wished, and securing, by the art of judicious jugglery, the votes he required. The knowledge of these chords of

national weakness and emotional feeling, of the manner of touching them, is possible only to a man within whom they exist. Both forms of knowledge are essential to the true understanding of a country, and in it may be said that no man understands a thing until he has coldly criticised it; and also that no man knows a thing till he has loved it. For the right understanding of the South African people and their problem, the first requisite is a generous and clear comprehension of their land and political aspirations. Thus prepared let us at once enter this land without fear and trembling, with a sincere desire for knowledge, and a submissive mind open to instruction. Thus unclouded I trust our vision may be more acute than that of some who have preceded us.

Having brought the reader to Cape Town, and somewhat prepared him for an unbiassed judgment upon South Africa and South Africans in general, let us commence our tour of inspection at the first point of interest that, perforce, must engage the attention of all strangers landing here, and sometimes very disagreeably so too, especially if they happen to be Hebrews. I refer to the Custom House on the quay at the entrance to the docks. Fortunately, I am able to report most courteous treatment on the part of the Cape officials, whom some of the fussy bumptious Customs authorities at home and abroad might emulate with the certain reward of gratitude from many travelling Britishers. My wife and friends, with our luggage, were allowed to remain in and on a carriage, which a Cape Town gentleman had sent to meet us,



whilst I was conducted before the Chief Inspector, who asked the simple and necessary question as to whether I had anything dutiable. Having satisfied this gentleman that my intentions were honourable, and having made the ordinary declaration, orders were given that we and our belongings were free to depart without any further examination, though I was informed that I should be expected to take out a license to trade in the colony as an agent for a foreign firm, as I admitted having samples of silk goods in my baggage. It appears there is a law in Cape Colony that all foreigners desirous of transacting any business in the country must, immediately on arrival, take up the ordinary license above-mentioned, which costs from "1st July to 31st December £12 10s., and from the 1st January to the end of the year £25." By the above-mentioned wording of the Act anyone arriving, as I did, in November and remaining over until February would have to pay both amounts, first the £12 10s. from 1st July to 31st December, and then renew that license on 1st January, for which a further £25 is demanded. This meant to me a cost of £37 10s., as, for simply being allowed to call on any customers here in South Africa for only three months, I should have to actually pay the price of an eighteen months' license.

Now I quite agree with the spirit of this Act, and am quite in accord with the motives which "fathered" the Bill through the two Cape Houses of Parliament; for why should a stranger come and make money out of the colony without paying his mite towards the expenses of

the Government, whose protection he enjoys? What a blessing it would be to our own people at home, if we could but get a paternal Government into power, which would thus cleverly make the foreigner pay our taxes for us. How many hundreds of thousands of German, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and American manufactuers constantly take trips to Great Britain in order to suck orders from the free trade British nest, yet do not pay a single penny in revenue to the Government of our country in any shape or form, be it income tax, or any other impost whatever. Is it right, that these gentlemen should enjoy untaxed profits they make out of us, whilst they close their doors to all our goods, by prohibitive fiscal tariff and duties? Bravo, South Africa, I admire you and cheerfully consent to what I consider a just, fair, and equitable tax. Go ahead! Afrikanders, make the foreigners pay your taxes for you, and shew the mother country that even you can teach her a thing or two, which in her infatuation for everything foreign, she has not had the acumen to learn. What a boon it would be to our English clerks, who are ousted out of our counting houses, by the invasion of foreigners who are content to undersell their labour, if a tax of £25 per annum were charged for a license before the latter were allowed to accept a situation in the foreigners' happy hunting ground. I do not make these remarks with any offensive intention or meaning towards foreigners, not at all; but put the matter candidly without any "top dressing" of polite phrases, as a national question.

Whilst approving this policy, in passing I must admit I think the Act was carelessly drafted, as it is manifestly unfair to make a charge for eighteen months, when only a six months' license is required. Had a *period of time* been mentioned instead of *fixed dates* this anomaly would not have occurred in my and many other cases.

The Customs authorities do not, however, always let passengers through their domain so easily, and most of my fellow travellers had to open all their trunks and boxes. With Hebrews they are most particular, because the greatest amount of smuggling has been traced to this race, and some very important detections have been made. One son of Israel actually filled both the barrels of his gun with cut diamonds, paid duty on the weapon, and thought he had done a clever trick, but as he was a suspected party the gun was opened and the stones discovered. Others have tricked the customs in every conceivable manner, and afterwards boasted of it in public rooms, after the time fixed by law for the subsequent seizure of smuggled goods.

Such a *modus operandi* is not conducive to courtesy on the part of officials who have their duties to perform.

On landing, the Union Steamship Company's agent gave me a letter of welcome and a cordial invitation from a well-known, prominent Cape Town merchant, with thoughtful suggestions for our comfort, and from this first hospitable colonial greeting, to the present time, and I trust to the end of my sojourn here, I have received the most princely entertainment and generous hospitality from

all with whom my journeyings and commercial pursuits have brought me into contact. Some of us at home know the meaning of true hospitality, but with all our knowing, we can well afford to take a lesson from our Cape fellow subjects. Without haste, and with careful consideration, speaking honestly, just as I found them, I am compelled to bear a most willing testimony to their open-hearted kindness, their great consideration and courtesy to all strangers from the home country, and their earnest desire to do all in their power to assist and make welcome those who have the good fortune to present the credentials of introduction. The Cape merchants also set us a good example in their method of conducting business, they are far more free and easy in their ways than we at home, and one finds an utter absence of that driving, rushing life that wears out our commercial men before their time. Here business is regarded as a means to an end, and not as a master whose rapacity is never satisfied. One thing is certain, a man could not work in this country at the high pressure we do in England. The heat alone would prevent this, for as I write this on 12th December, the temperature in the sun stands at 140 degrees Fahrenheit; it would be quite oppressive in England, but in Cape Town it is tempered by that special quality, clear, pure, dry air, which has gained a reputation for South Africa as a health resort. The streets are shadeless, but in the suburbs, Claremont, Kenilworth, Wynberg, and Rondebosh, we find magnificent avenues of firs, fields of strawberries ripening in the warm sunshine, and apricots and peaches being gathered by

the thousand for to-morrow's markets. In these delightfully shaded and comparatively cool retreats, the more wealthy of the Cape merchants have their beautiful residences, which are mostly built on the Dutch model in one storey, and surrounded by two or three acres of grounds. I had the pleasure of spending a Sunday with Mr. Thorne, the resident partner of the well-known firm of Thorne, Stuttaford & Co., at his Rondebosh residence. There I found a very spacious country house, with large airy rooms, high ceilings, and replete with every luxury that tends to comfort. The grounds are very lovely, and contain a magnificent collection of representative African flora. We had the opportunity here of picking the far-famed "Cape gooseberry," a unique fruit, most luscious in flavour and in great request for preserving, for which purpose it is unrivalled. Cape gooseberry jam is certainly a most desirable addition to the breakfast table. Mr. Thorne showed me a splendid collection of local curiosities in his museum, which forms, together with a splendid English billiard table, one of the great attractions to his villa, especially to single men. Sea Point and Green Point, on the south of Cape Town, are also rising and popular seaside resorts, and in these two suburbs the same features are presented that the stranger finds at the before-mentioned hamlets. One of my friends, to whom I shall always be indebted for much kindness, hospitality, and friendship, Mr. J. Garlick, owns perhaps one of the prettiest and most handsomely furnished mansions in these parts. I have never seen more lofty ceilings in any private

residence than are to be found throughout his house, besides which the rooms are built as though superficial space had but little value, though land at Green Point is far more expensive than it is at any of our London suburbs. The colonists show great sense in making comfort their first consideration when building. At the same time all these villas are not without a fair share of architectural merit. Mr. Garlick's house, with its pretty verandahs and beautiful fernery, is a pretty portion of a pretty suburb. The grounds are very large in extent, and over three thousand gallons of water is used every day for their irrigation. I noticed some of our home favourites—gloxinias, chrysanthemums, cinerarias, &c.—growing luxuriantly here. The domestic habits of the white people are identical with those at home.

On the shore one cannot fail to observe the forts which are being constructed at every coign of vantage; the batteries which the colony is building, and the mother country filling with guns, these things shew that in spite of the "run and scuttle" policy of the Radical party, we are at length awake to the necessities of national existence, and the protection of our national jewels, our great colonial empire, and that the key of the waterway to India, and Australia, in the south, is to be made impregnable to hostile nations, as we have long since made the key to the Mediterranean, and which Lord Salisbury, by his wise foreign policy, is striving to make the road to our Indian possessions through Egypt and the Suez Canal.

Bacon says: "Travel in the younger sort, is a part of

education ; in the elder, a part of experience." True, but in order to make travel either educational, or a part of experience, one must use both eyes and intellect, for both are essential to the due appreciation of foreign lands and people. I do not suppose any colony could compete with South Africa, and no other town with Cape Town, for the great opportunity they afford not only for the study of God's great work—Nature—but of His greatest creation—Man. What a variety of nationalities one meets daily in this city. It is said that there are representatives here of every nation and kindred under the sun, and I do not think it is an empty boast. The white dresses of our English and Dutch ladies flutter in the breeze beside the gaudy silks of the Malay women, like white butterflies beside tiger moths ; and half-a-dozen different graduated complexions bear witness to as many distinct native races. The Malays were originally imported by the Dutch East India Company, some as slaves, others as coolies. Talk about colour and width of beam ! Our factory girls hailing from Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, with their bright mauve and emerald green ostrich feathers on a Derby day, are not in it with these Malays. They flaunt about the streets in rustling silk dresses of rainbow hues, hooded in the most glaring coloured silk kerchiefs, their skirts cut as full as those in use at home in the days of the large crinoline. They certainly could not cut these garments out of less than 16 to 20 yards of material, and the appearance they present can best be described as a brilliant inverted baloon. The Malays form an important

part of the community here—nearly all the cab drivers are Malays, also all the washerwomen. They are perfectly distinct from the other natives of the place, and have their own burial ground. They are of course all Mohammedans, a busy and thriving section of the Cape Town population, numbering some thousands, prosperous, contented, independent, earning good wages, and always insisting on two or three holidays a week. As soon as they earn a little money they are off to the drapers for the newest thing out in bright coloured garments, and then out for the day in the country among their friends. Then we have what are called the “Cape boys” or real Afrikanders, smart, jet black fellows, relics of the slave trade, the negro who used to be imported into the colony from the east and west coast of Africa. They are now a very mixed strain, as they have freely intermarried amongst the Hottentots and other natives of the place. Of pure Hottentots there are scarcely any left, for civilisation, disease, their own indolence and weakness, have tended to wipe them out of existence. The most prominent natives, I fancy, are the Kaffirs, and they are about the only native savage race that has increased in numbers since the advent of civilisation. It is strange, but true, that the black races of the earth always begin to diminish when they come into close contact with the whites. The Maori and the American Indian are illustrations of this law, which seems to prevail throughout the globe. The probable population of the colony is about two millions, of that about 800,000 are Kaffirs. In Cape Town one



sees only a few of them, principally servants, dock labourers, or unfortunately as convicts sentenced for sheep or diamond stealing, or petty larceny. There are a few, very few, Zulus here, but I hope to give a full description of this, the finest race of natives, when in Natal, where they form a large portion of the population of that colony. Those I have seen here are magnificently made men, handsome, very tall, immensely muscular, with a certain dignity of carriage which strikes the observer at once. As regards our white population, here we come to a totally different aspect of affairs. The white man here, whether colonist born, or an immigrant from Europe, very naturally proves the truth of the law of "The survival of the fittest," for he it is who occupies all the superior positions in the colony, both as regards trade and government. It is natural, therefore, that all progress and enterprise must originate with the different sections of the white population, which consist chiefly of the two races, Dutch and English. There are of course many representatives of all other European nationalities, but as these are unimportant, both commercially and politically, they only call for passing notice. The proportion of Dutch to English is about five to three, and at the present time, thanks to the good sense of both parties, signs of the fusion of the two races are very observable. Among the best families intermarriage is common. It becomes daily more difficult to draw the line of cleavage.

## CHAPTER III.

### *Cape Politics.*

**T**HANKS to Mr. Hofmeyr, the creator and leader of the "Afrikander Bund," there is now no longer a "Dutch Question" in Cape Colony. Everyone here is united in loyalty to the Queen and the great British Empire, all are now "Africanders" in a new and broader sense. It is a great transition from the time when racial animosities were stirred to their very depths by the muddling statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone's treatment of the Transvaal question. To-day, the men who are laying the foundation stones of a United South Africa of the future are no longer the Dutch speaking, Dutch thinking Republicans of a long vanished ideal, but the South African colonist of both nationalities, who regard South Africa as their country, the Queen as their sovereign, and all races of South Africans as their fellow subjects. In order to perfectly know and grasp the position of South African politics, it is absolutely necessary to know and understand its people, and in order to do this one must at anyrate have some slight acquaintance of the history of the colony. This ought to be, and most probably has been, learnt by all who may read this work. But to

refresh our memory we took the Cape from Holland. The Portuguese discovered, the Dutch settled, and after our own way, we made it into a Crown Colony, prized highly by the mother country for its trade, natural advantages, mineral wealth and the industry of its people. There were, as would always be the case in any new country, many deep rooted jealousies and strife between the old resident Dutch and the English new comers; but at last responsible government was granted to the colony, yet the Dutch seem always to have been very slow to grasp their advantages under the new constitution. Not so the Englishman, he was quick enough to accept the great privilege which a representative government accorded him; whereas the Dutch farmer, half sulky or suspicious, or wholly apathetic, stood aloof. If he voted at all, he was quite content to give his suffrages to the quick witted, commercial Englishman, and to do him justice, the Englishman managed things very well. Diamonds and gold were found, good times came on and large public works were undertaken, providing labour and good wages for all who cared to accept them. It was this apathy on the part of the Dutch colonists that roused that celebrated and clever Dutchman, J. Hofmeyr, to a sense of the good things his people were allowing to slip past them without an effort to improve their position by the voice they had, but never used, in the affairs of State. In order to arouse the sleeping energies of his race he formed a large political association, called the "Afrikander Bund." Perceiving the power and influence of the public

press, he began his campaign by writing articles for the *Zuid Afrikaan* newspaper, and by its wide-spread circulation among the Dutch element soon found many enthusiastic supporters, and finally the "Afrikander Bund" was firmly established as an association to watch all public measures which in any way affected the interests of the Dutch colonists. Jan Hofmeyr, like all reformers, was not without enemies, and found plenty who were only too ready to damage his cause by slander and libel. Naturally enough he had amongst his adherents some of the extreme party, which always exist in every political party, but being a shrewd and cautious man, animated by a knowledge of a righteous cause, and trusting in the justice and common sense of his English opponents, he used purely constitutional methods, and the power of freedom of speech, marching slowly, steadily, and surely to the attainment of his object. What a difference between this leader of men and his honest, openhanded actions, and the methods pursued by some of the leaders of the Irish party. By constitutional means Jan Hofmeyr has accomplished the full programme of the "Afrikander Bund," or, in plain English, the political aims and aspirations of the Dutch, without a single person being boycotted, a single animal being maimed or mutilated, a single farmer being shot by men disguised in masks. No need for coercion here, nor for political protection. The more I read of Mr. Hofmeyr, the more as a political Englishman I admire him, and my sympathy is compelled to his cause. He had his days of trial and disappoint-

ment, but he kept his soul in patience, well knowing that in the end justice must prevail. He carefully calmed down the heated youthful spirits among his adherents, and by his wisdom and tact, converted them from South African fenians into peace-abiding, loyal subjects of the Crown. He has always frowned down that hateful demon—racial animosity—and upon this string (which is such a favourite one with some of our politicians, who really ought to know better) he never played. Of course, every political organisation must have a programme, something to work upon, and Mr. Hofmeyr found little difficult in framing a political platform of sound, solid timbers—not one of those shadowy creations that simply consist of a hollow name, a fetish of which not even the creator thereof knows the meaning—no mere topic of a “dim and distant future,” and similar clap-trap. No; Jan Hofmeyr, like a sturdy Dutchman, gave his people something tangible, something both he and they could understand, and, having understood, could work for. His was no open mind with any excuse about waiting until the “time was ripe to discuss” any prominent burning question. Oh, you English statesmen at home, you can well afford to take a leaf out of the books of some of your colonial fellow subjects, for they can teach you a thing or two, not least amongst which will be found “political honesty and consistency.” First of all, and before all, Mr. Hofmeyr made his programme and his association essentially loyal to the laws that existed, the powers in authority, and the Queen of the colony. All he wanted

was a nationality—a united South Africa. Formerly, people called themselves either German, or English, or Dutch, or French, but Mr. Hofmeyr and his friends desired to wipe out all these terms and cement the various peoples resident in the colony into one compact whole, whose principal object should be one self-governing colony, linked together in loyalty to the Queen and Empire, for trade, self-defence, with its coast protected by British ironclads, leaving the foreign policy and supremacy of the interior to the Home Government. They also desired free trade within the Empire, with a light duty on foreign goods, and even to-day are strongly in favour of Imperial Federation.

The “ Afrikaner Bund ” was to put down all “ national jealousies,” and place all nationalities on one common platform, English being no more favoured than Dutch; and to foster South African sentiment allowing both the Dutch and English language to be spoken in Parliament. Surely this was a programme that one could hardly quarrel with, and yet this “ Afrikaner Bund ” and its leader have been characterised, both at the Cape and in England, as Republican. What is there Republican about it? Many, yes, very many of our extreme party men at home are red Republican, as compared with either Mr. Hofmeyer or his band. It is the confounded red tape, and muddling policy of Downing Street that the colonists wished to see carted away to the only place fit for it—the dust bin—Home Rule was all they wanted, not separation. No wild talk about cutting

the last link which binds them to the mother country. No, these are men our countrymen could trust, and therefore wisely and safely granted them Home Rule. Practically they have secured all they required, and are fast becoming united to their English fellow subjects, not only in language and manners, but by that far closer bond, the dictation of their own warm hearts. If we ever have the misfortune to be entangled in a foreign war, I can answer for it that this united South African colony will send us some of its best blood from both sections to fight for the dear old country, to which they gratefully acknowledge they are indebted for the greater part of their prosperity. We at home have little idea of the loyalty of our colonists to the mother country. Whenever they speak of England they call it home, and the prevailing desire seems to be the wish to "go home to see the old country." Our home politics are watched pretty closely, and not always with satisfaction, for here all folks and all parties are Conservative in the main. To find a real, live Liberal (Gladstonian) or Radical would be, I think, almost an impossibility. During my stay in Cape Town I have only met one Liberal, and even he deplures and execrates the Liberal foreign and especially colonial policy. The fact of it is they had rather too much of it during Mr. Gladstone's tenure of office, 1880—1885. On board our ship there were several colonists returning home to the Cape after business and holiday visits to Europe, and from these gentlemen some of us received a pretty fair dusting respecting the grandmotherly and supine, as well as cowardly

action of our home government in its relations to the sister colonies of Cape Colony and Natal, more especially during Mr. Gladstone's administration, 1880—1885. Conversation naturally turned on the next general election. One and all of our Cape friends on board expressed the fervent wish that Mr. Gladstone will not be returned to power, "for," they said, "no statesman is so utterly mistrusted and disliked in South Africa as he, and his advent to power would be for South Africa most disastrous, as the Boers of the Transvaal know so well from the teachings of past experience that (to use the the colonists' own expression), 'They have only to bounce and bluster, and can squeeze all they want out of this vacillating statesman, whose grandest qualification is restless change; if bluster do not at first succeed, a little show of fight and the British Lion will, under his guidance, soon put its tail between its legs, and run quickly enough to satisfy any of the turbulent spirits of the Transvaal.'" I have been struck by the strong feeling expressed against the foreign and colonial policy of the Gladstonian party, and have been able to get a few of the particulars and reasons of this inbred distrust on the part of our colonial brethren of the great Radical leader. Undoubtedly, our disgraceful mismanagement of the Transvaal difficulty is at the root of the matter. After some careful enquiries, and studying all the published *non-political* works I could find on this portion of our colonial history, I have culled the following which are not personal opinions, but simple, plain, honest, historical facts :—



“It was on April 12th, 1877, at Pretoria, that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, at the request and earnest invitation of the Boers and president of the Transvaal Republic, armed with the necessary authority from the English Government, annexed the country as British territory. There was dissatisfaction, no doubt, chiefly on the part of the official classes, who saw their position and dignity passing away, but the change was welcomed by a large proportion of the more intelligent of the inhabitants, who saw in the annexation, by a strong power like Great Britain, sure deliverance from the impending ruin of their country, and from the Burgers *régime*, to which that ruin was distinctly traceable. In any case, all opposition to the annexation might have been stopped by judicious management, and in any case had a liberal constitution been promptly granted, as was generally expected, and as had been promised, the whole of the people would have continued their willing assent to the transfer of the supreme authority, and the people would have quietly accepted the position. The constitution, however, was not granted; Downing Street had gone to sleep—not an unusual circumstance in that quarter. There was some sleepy talk of calling a representative assembly together, but time passed and nothing was done. Meanwhile the administrator, Sir T. Shepstone, shewed a lamentable want of tact, and gave great offence to all parties by selecting his principal officers from his Natal friends. All this was simply playing into the hands of the malcontents, who found in the broken promises of Downing Street, and

in the personal favouritism of the administrator, weapons of attack ready made to their hands. Mass meetings were held, committees were appointed, and inflammatory speeches after the Irish model were made by the old officials of the ex-Republic, whose means of living were gone, and who hoped by agitation once more to enjoy the fruits and sweets of office. There is no doubt that the secret of all the dissatisfaction at the annexation was money. The men who had been in enjoyment of snug berths and good pay had only one object in view in all their agitation, and that was to get back the emoluments they had lost through the change of government. We see the same thing among all classes of our own politicians at home; it rests with the electors to banish such men from public life, but how often are they caught by such bribes and baubles as "An eight hours' bill," "Church Disestablishment," "Home Rule for Scotland and Wales," and in fact "anything you like as long as you give us your votes." Many who were quite content with the rule of the British Government, were caught by the glitter of equally shadowy *promises*, which, needless to say, have never been fulfilled by those who made them.

A deputation, consisting of Messrs. Kruger and Joubert, with Mr. E. Bock as secretary, was sent to England to demand that the annexation should be rescinded. Their visit was fruitless, and the agitators returned, like Irishmen from America, with fresh fuel for the fire. Sir Bartle Frere visited the Transvaal, and met the Boers to discuss matters, but nothing came of it; he was followed

by Sir Garnet Wolsely, who, after the war with Secocoeni, visited Pretoria, and told the Boers that "under no consideration whatever would the idea of restoring the independence of the country be entertained." Was it likely? John Bull took over the Government when it was absolutely bankrupt, he had paid its debts, and put the country on a sound financial basis; no sooner was this done than he was asked to leave his money behind him and walk off. Men little knew at that time that a ministry of surrender was about to receive power in England. During the whole of the agitation, Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the Opposition at home, had, after his usual manner, expressed on several public occasions during his celebrated Midlothian speeches, sympathy with the Boers, and in almost as many words had said that if he were in power they would not ask for the restoration of their country in vain. Sincerely desirous to avoid an appeal to the arbitrament of war, it was most natural that they should look with eager hopefulness to the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, which all the signs of the times forshadowed. Nor had they long to wait. The change of Government took place in 1880; but, alas! neither had they long to wait for the annihilation of the hopes they had built on Mr. Gladstone's pledges.

Messrs. Kruger and Joubert wrote to Mr. Gladstone claiming the restoration of Transvaal independence at his hands, and the fulfilment of his solemn pledges, but Mr. Gladstone, declined all their overtures and demands. The

destruction of the hopes in which they had been encouraged by the very man who now left them in the cold caused intense disgust and increased the prevailing discontent. Mass meetings were held, and it was determined to fight for independence, and if beaten to "trek" to the far north, leaving the fatherland and burning everything behind them. The Republic was proclaimed, and the 94th regiment, in ignorance of the revolt of the Boers, was intercepted on its way to Pretoria, and butchered. When its numbers had been reduced from 267 men to 20, they took this handful prisoners—a truly glorious feat of arms in honour of the newly hoisted flag. Although this was the most dastardly transaction of the so-called "War of Independence," it was by no means the worst disaster that befel the British Arms in that unfortunate conflict. The rest of the defeats which tarnished the glorious flag of old England are too deplorable to repeat here, and we at home remember them too well. It was the old, old story—inefficient commanders and the old error of always underrating our enemy. Sir George Colley, Governor of Natal, took the field, and was beaten in every engagement—Laing's Nek and the terrible disaster of Majuba Hill filled almost to the full our cup of humiliation, but it was reserved for an Englishman to fill it to the brim.

Had Mr. Gladstone, on his return to power, fulfilled the pledges given during his "Midlothian Campaign," and restored the Transvaal to the Boers, whatever one might have thought of his patriotism or common sense, he might have been credited with consistency, and even with


magnanimity ; but with that curious preference which he exhibits for leaving the right thing undone until it becomes the wrong thing, and then doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, he declined to fulfil his pledges to the Boers. He sent out an army of 12,000 men, under England's very best and ablest general to crush the revolt, and then, when Majuba had thoroughly roused England to the necessity of vindicating its honour, he ignominiously surrendered to the Boers, a handful of Dutch farmers, before Sir Frederick Roberts had had time to reach the field, and disgraced the British name throughout the length and breadth of South Africa. No wonder England was counted as a cypher in the affairs of Europe during this statesman's tenure of office, and in the face of these facts, which cannot be gainsaid, is it a marvel that all South Africans under British protection, who are loyal to our crown, regard with trembling gaze and anxious hearts the result of the next general election in England. Truly the Transvaal is a "bar sinister" of a terrible sable hue on the escutcheon of Great Britain and Ireland. The feeling of humiliation and rage in Natal and a large part of Cape Colony was intense, and all the more so because it had to be endured under the scornful eyes of the Boers, who made no disguise of their contempt for the British Arms and British name. In Cape Colony the life of the English colonists was almost insupportable on account of the Boers, and for a considerable period fears of actual conflict were seriously entertained. Within the Transvaal itself

Englishmen found it impossible to remain, and numerous cases of ruin and suffering occurred. A treaty was made on March 28rd, 1881, securing complete internal self-government to the Boers under the suzerainty of the British Crown, but this latter condition was supposed to have been inserted with a view to mitigating the disgust of Englishmen generally with the whole transaction. Such a childish piece of absurdity certainly afforded opportunity for floods of "exuberant verbosity" by way of explaining what it meant. That it really meant *nothing* was proved by the fact that Mr. Gladstone, having maintained strenuously that it was a "most valuable provisio," it was, as might have been expected, of course quietly expunged, and the Republic left free to go its own way. Thus, for a time, ends that part of the Transvaal history with which England had to deal, and a shameful page enough it is on our national archives. Never in the history of nations has England played such a miserable and cowardly part. May she never do so again will be the earnest prayer of all patriots.



## CHAPTER IV.

### *The Commerce of Cape Town.*

APE Town is worthy of notice as an active centre of commerce, and it is practically a metropolis for the supply of merchandise of every description, from all parts of the world, for the greater part of South Africa. In the city itself are to be found retail stores as fine as any we have in the West-end of London, whilst the large wholesale houses, from whom up-country traders draw their supply, will compete, both for external appearance and for the enormous stocks of goods they contain, with many of our Wood Street firms. I must confess I came out here expecting to see some fine shops, but I was fairly astonished at those to be found in Adderley Street, as well as the extensive warehouses of Mr. John Garlick, in Bree and Strand Streets, Cape Town. In the centre of Adderley Street, the wide and chief thoroughfare of the city, and facing the Standard Bank of South Africa, the premises of Messrs. Thorne, Stuttaford & Co. present a very imposing appearance. With four entrances to the main street, the establishment is structurally divided into three sections, which is more or less taken advantage of by the energetic, methodical,

and business-like conductor of the firm. Without methodical arrangement this huge mart of infinitely varied wares would be chaos, instead of the systematically-ordered emporium the visitor finds.

To enumerate the classes of goods not to be found here would be easy; but to mention any single article in drapery that is absent would be an impossible task.

The premises form the great block of 1,000 feet square, with entrances in three different streets. The value of such a plot of ground, with three frontages, can be easier imagined than calculated. We will deal first with the wholesale department, which is worked by an efficient staff of travellers, who work the surrounding district. We find "soft goods" (a term here used in connection with drapery only), including millinery, ribbons, flowers, laces, silks, velvets, boxes, portmanteaux, cloths (including the well-known "rain-proof" cloths, of which more later on), clothing of all description, haberdashery, cotton, and Manchester goods. The extent of this section and the labyrinths of heaped-up commodities are too bewildering to describe; the only impression one gets is that one is in the land of "Ophir," in more senses than one. Leaving this section and going into the great Adderley Street block, where the retail business is conducted, passing the lift, and English cases which pour in here by the waggon load by every steamer, we enter the tailoring and outfitting department, finding there a wealth of tweeds and cloth of every description, including the very latest styles in tennis and boating flannels. One is struck by the enormous



display of blazers for all the local athletic clubs, including the colours of the City and Suburban Associations, models of youths in Highland and nautical costume, collars, ties, linen and underclothing of every description, a very fine boot and shoe department, while an extensive room devoted to the hatter's trade, assure every gentleman that here he can get "fixed up" from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, without more than a walk of a few steps. Then, by a sudden transition, you pass into the section of fancy goods, toys, hardware, stationery, nicnacs, tennis sets, cricket and football outfits, etc. From this department we pass by a handsome doorway into the carpet and furnishing department, where are to be found a wealth of the newest designs of Axminsters, Wiltons, Crossleys, Brussels, and rich velvet pile carpets, and thence into the *raison d'être*, of this mammoth establishment—the ladies' drapery department. This really requires a lady to describe, for we men, who know little of drapery warehouses, excepting the very regular delivery of quarterly bills, which have generally to be paid by cheque, can but give a very second rate account of such a multitude of diaphonous airy textile fabrics as are piled up from floor to ceiling in all directions. Still we could not help noticing the made-up novelties in chiffon, silk, muslin, lace, fancy silk handkerchiefs, and silk goods, and the latest and most fanciful of the leading features in articles imported from London and Paris immediately upon their introduction there. Many people at home fancy that one can never get anything up to date in the

colonies, and certainly nothing fashionable; in fact many of the salesmen in the London wholesale houses make the awful mistake of thinking "anything is good enough for shipping," and consequently have lost their hold on colonial trade; for houses like Thorne, Stuttaford & Co., and Mr. J. Garlick, who can go with money in their hands, very wisely eschew dealing with these middlemen, and go direct to the manufacturer or his agent, and by this means purchase the very latest fashions, the very best goods, and at the same prices as are paid by the leading London general houses. Don't make any mistake about it my textile friends, these colonial firms study the fashions as closely as you do, and being served by intelligent and shrewd buyers in the London and Paris markets, are not receptacles for your worthless stale stocks. They know too much. Job goods may be very well in their way for poor districts, but in the land of gold and diamonds they are really not digestible. Over and over again my friends have said to me "Shew us the very latest styles and the best articles you have got. Quality is what we require, combined with taste and style." I have taken orders here for rich brocaded coloured silks, that are actually only in the looms, for the simple reason they are of the newest designs. To give an idea of the extent of these the finest retail premises in Cape Town, I may say that it would take at least a fair half-hour to walk through them and only take a superficial glance at their contents. The fixtures alone must be worth many thousands of pounds. In them no expense has been

spared. All the show cases are absolutely dust proof, many of them having been purchased at the Cape Town exhibition. By way of *bonne bouche* or *l'agniette* (as Mr. Sala would say) the silk room has been left till last. A commodious room, which contains a wealth of costly contents. Costard, in "Love's Labour Lost," speaks of "three farthings' worth of silk;" a great deal of science and precious very little silk could have been contained in the article which he referred to. Tennyson, in his exquisite poem of "Maud," describes that splendid creature leaving the ball "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls." In this treasure chamber of beautiful brocades, shot with gold and silver thread, in the unostentatiously shelved silks to the value of thousands of pounds, are to be found the "Wear Proof" and "Imperishable" Black Silks, of which this firm are the sole agents for Cape Town. These goods are manufactured from the finest Italian raw silk, and dyed by a special process which prevents that greasiness of wear which is so objectionable in the heavy dyes, so detrimental to the larger portion of French silks that are thrown upon our markets at home. Messrs. Thorne, Stuttaford & Co. have earned a great reputation for these goods, and during their experience they have never yet had a complaint of the wear. They are justly named the "Wear-Proof" and "Imperishable." In fact, so great has been the satisfaction of their customers, that the firm confine their purchases exclusively to these makes, which cannot be equalled for their durable qualities. I cannot leave these

premises without mentioning a most ingenious contrivance in connection with their staircase at one of the Adderley Street entrances. Mr. Thorne, the resident partner, has invented the most unique innovation in an ordinary flight of stairs I have ever seen. The lower part of the stairs revolves upon a pivot as lightly as a feather, disclosing a passage beneath, along which all packages and bales from the incoming steamers are admitted, and at the end of which passage the lift is in readiness to convey each case to the department for which it is intended. One touch of the hand and the staircase returns to its original position and the purpose for which it was built. It is the cleverest contrivance I have yet seen out of, or for the matter of that in, England. It is so simple a child can work it, and, as in the case of all such simplicities, one only wonders "It was never thought of before."

This description of a leading drapery store in South Africa, though inadequate it may be, will at least give evidence of the advanced state of commerce in this colony. It must also not be forgotten that this is only one store. I should tire the reader were I to go through the various emporiums of commerce over which I have been courteously shown by my commercial friends here. Mr. J. Garlick has equally gained the reputation of a "Universal provider." His premises and stock are one of the sights of Cape Town, and his energy has not allowed him to rest content with Cape Town only, but he has large and important branches at Kimberley and Johannesburg, in the Transvaal. His tailoring department will bear com-

parison with any of our very largest English outfitters. To give the uninitiated an idea of the magnitude of this branch of trade I might say that whilst I was speaking to this gentleman in his office a telegram came from his Johannesburg branch, asking him to cable home for 600 men's vests. I expressed my surprise at the largeness of such an order. Mr. Garlick assured me it was nothing very remarkable, and showed me a book which gave the number of garments ordered day by day, and I did not observe one day's orders wherein there were less than 300 garments scheduled. His wholesale business is as large as the retail. He employs from five to seven travellers, who scour the whole of South Africa, from one end of the colony to the other ; each driving his four and six horses. We English merchants complain of the expenses of our very necessary travelling representatives, but what must the cost of such equipages as these mount up to in the course of one year, remembering, if you please, that the cost of everything here, excepting meat, is double the price it is at home. As regards banks, South Africa has lately passed through a trying time, owing to the failure of two of the leading bankers, and many have been reduced to poverty thereby ; but it speaks volumes for the stability of trade here, that through all this financial difficulty, scarcely a mercantile house has "gone to the wall." Had this happened in England, what a panic there would have been in the money market ; how many large commercial houses would have fallen from their high estate in the general

ruin! Here in a few months things have quite regained their equilibrium.

From my experience of the *modus operandi* of the Cape banks, I should fancy they make some splendid profits, and as a believer in the adage "Any fool can give money away," I admire their cuteness. Through the courtesy of the London and Westminster Bank, I have a letter of credit and introduction to the Standard Bank of South Africa, instructing them to cash all cheques I choose to draw on the "London and Westminster" at sight. Now I find the Standard Bank here would charge me a commission and expenses from a half to one per cent. on all such cheques, and then re-sell them to merchants who wish to remit to England, at a charge of one per cent., thus netting say two per cent., without parting with a penny piece, for twenty-four hours. Of course they have their profits to make, but this is a fairly high figure without any attendant risk. My friends here were only too glad to cash my cheques at par, without any charge whatever, as it naturally saved them one per cent. on all I cared to change with them. Whilst on the commercial aspect of South Africa, I should like to treat of the question of employment of persons coming out from England to seek their fortune in this land, where, undoubtedly, there are yet more fortunes to be made than have ever yet been taken away. To the young man who has been a failure at home I say, "Don't—don't come out here." Cape Town teems with failures from home, and is not by any means a hospital for in-

curables commercially, whatever it may be physically. There were one or two such "failures" on board the good ship *Mexican*, by which I sailed out. These poor youths had but a limited sum of money in their pockets, yet would begin nipping brandy and soda before twelve o'clock in the morning, drink champagne with their dinner, and seize every available opportunity, in their otherwise good-natured foolishness, of standing treat to anyone who might be near. How can such as these expect to make their way in a new country, where a man must husband his resources in every sense of the word? Depend upon it, such as these are but parasites wherever they go, and will not grow in sympathy with their environment, but diminish. To the youth who is not afraid of right down hard work, whose very atmosphere has been that of honest toil, whose character is beyond reproach, whose moral training can stand the furnace of temptation, whose physical constitution is good, to him I say, "South Africa offers every inducement to you, and with patience and perseverance there is every reason why you should be a partner in the enjoyment of the golden spoils that are as yet in their infancy in the lap of Cape Colony." I am not speaking without my book, and God forbid that I should ever prove a false prophet. My opinion is the result of many enquiries and conversations with the oldest and best-informed colonists, men who are large employers of labour, and who complain of the paucity of the true sterling article. Native labour here never does, and never can, compete

with English education, English brains, and English energy. I care not how little capital a man has, let such an one as I have described come out here, and I have no shadow of doubt he will soon find a groove in which he can work up his way to fortune and success. There is a great demand for skilled artizans, carpenters and joiners, artificers in metals, and journeymen tailors. Clerks are at a discount, for here, as at home, the market is overstocked. Domestic servants are greatly wanted, and can obtain very high wages.

Commercial gentlemen representing home manufacturers I would strongly advise to provide themselves with introductions from the London representatives of firms with whom they are desirous of doing business, otherwise their journey will be a useless expenditure of time and money. The Cape has been overrun lately by commercial travellers from England, who have "killed the goose that laid the golden egg." These gentlemen were not content with taking orders and commissions from the wholesale houses, but must needs call upon and solicit orders from those firms' retail customers. The natural consequence of this was that when the travellers from the wholesale firms made their season's journey they found, to their dismay, that the very firms from whom they drew their supplies had also sold the self-same goods at the same prices to their customers. The chagrin of the wholesale merchants can be easier imagined than described, and to prevent such unfair treatment in future they decided not to entertain any representative calling



on them unless provided with an introduction from their London buyers, whom they instructed to be circumspect as to the character of the firms they might recommend. I met a few gentlemen here representing houses in the boot and shoe trade, who had been unable to take a single order on account of the disinclination of houses here to open new accounts with unknown firms. The practical closing of the American market to English goods, through the operation of the McKinley Tariff Bill, has induced our manufacturers to seek new outlet for their productions, hence South Africa is receiving at the present time a double share of attention; but as orders are few and far between it will not last long.

As a health resort I should certainly not recommend Cape Town, or even Wynberg (one of the suburbs), for many reasons. For those who, like myself, have lung trouble, the air is too heavily laden with moisture from the sea, as well as charged with minute particles of dust. It is a fine place for a week or a fortnight's stay, but cannot be looked upon as a desirable spot for invalids. The prevailing wind in summer time is the well-known south-easter, which comes sweeping down from the summit of Table Mountain, roaring through the streets, blowing up the dust and even small pebbles into one's face. To breathe such an atmosphere must be highly injurious to the respiratory organs. The natives call it the "Cape doctor," as it disperses all infectious diseases. I wish this medical man was a little more gentle in his methods, for of all the disagreeable environments to

the natural body the "Cape doctor" takes the cake. A few days ago my friend, Mr. John Garlick, invited me to make an ascent of Table Mountain, which I gladly accepted, having heard that it was a stiff climb over rocks, with a good and very difficult descent down the bare face of the perpendicular cliffs, which are a trifle over 3,000 feet in height. We started at 2.30 a.m. from Sea Point, and after an hour's walking had to await the arrival of our two guides, who had not turned up. Some two hours were lost in dancing attendance on these gentlemen, who at last appeared with profuse apologies. A reprimand on our part would have fallen on deaf ears, so we contented ourselves with inward invective, which saved our breath and our temper. Our path led us up over boulders of granite and masses of rocks piled one on the other, forming a kind of natural ladder up the side of the mountain. In no part of the ascent could I detect a dangerous or difficult passage. For the first hour or two scarcely any vegetation, excepting low dried up bushes, is to be seen, but nearer the top, Nature, fed by many land springs, clothes the tableland with fairly luxuriant verdure. We ascended by the Kloof or gorge on the south side of the mountain, by far the easiest and least tiresome climb of the six or seven practical routes. The view of the sea coast during this excursion was really magnificent; formed as it is of numberless curved bays washed by the most transparent of waters, revealing a wealth of submarine forests many fathoms below the surface. All the sand

of this part of the African coast is a bright silver white, which glistens and flashes in the bright sunshine like millions of small diamonds. When we attained the summit, our guides collected brushwood, kindled a fire, and set to work to prepare our breakfast, the clear morning air having amply provided us with ravenous appetites. It was a perfectly cloudless day, with scarcely a breath of wind, and even at this altitude the fierce tropical sun beat down upon us without mercy. The top of Table Mountain is a large plateau some miles square, plentifully irrigated by land springs and rivulets. It is here that the supply of water is derived which supplies the whole of Cape Town. Conducted in cast iron pipes, sometimes carried beneath the surface, but often exposed upon trellis bridges across chasms. Here and there during its fall large reservoirs are built to ease and reduce the amount of pressure on the pipes. The quality of the water is beyond suspicion, though it flows as a small rivulet in the open air for more than a mile. We walked about and explored the summit on each side, from which points of vantage were some of the grandest views I have ever seen. On the north-west front overlooking Cape Town, the docks, and anchorage, the scenery is unsurpassed. The city lies at ones feet like a miniature model, the fine broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, are very distinctly seen, as is also every church spire and public building. From this point the surrounding country spreads itself out like a carpet for miles and miles, broken in the far distance (of over sixty

miles) by the large mountain chain of Bleuberg. It was down this precipitous face of the beautiful guardian of Cape Town that we intended to descend, and a terribly tiring and difficult job we found it. First of all it was very steep, and worse even than that, the soil is perfectly loose, giving way under each step one takes. The very rocks are insecure, and the greatest caution has to be taken by those in the rear not to precipitate any of these young boulders on the heads of those in front. I am sure that in all my Swiss mountaineering, I never experienced such a treacherous and tedious foothold. We were kept in a perpetual state of laughter, by the artistic and easy manner in which we constantly took a back seat in the middle of a thorn bush, whilst our feet seemed to take a trip on their own account heavenwards. However, without further mishap than a few bruises and stiff muscles, we reached the outer fringe of the city within three hours from the commencement of our descent, glad enough to find a good dinner in readiness at our hotel.

On Saturday, December 19th, the English Cricketers, who have just come out here to play the various colonial teams, commenced their first match at Newlands, where the Cape Town Cricket Club has a magnificent ground. I was fortunate in being able to see this very splendid match. The Englishmen went in first and played against the best eighteen the colony could produce. The advantage derived from a ground so sheltered as that of Cape Town or Western Province Cricket Club was strikingly illustrated by the atmospherical conditions

prevailing during the match. In Cape Town the southeaster reigned supreme and hurled down the face of Table Mountain with tempestuous exuberance. On the ground it was, comparatively speaking, fairly calm. The wicket was in, as nearly as possible, perfect order, and its position would appear to indicate an inclination to favour the defence rather than the attack. The Englishmen were of course the favourites in the betting, and from five to two may be taken as fairly representing the estimation in which the respective chances of the teams were held. The game commenced at exactly five minutes past twelve o'clock; the Englishmen having won the toss decided to bat. The wickets were first occupied by W. Chatterton and A. Hearne. Runs were few and far between at the start, for with eighteen men in the field there were not many chances of a slip between any two men. I am bound to admit in fairness and justice to the Cape team they had not the usual fault of most colonial clubs; their fielding was worthy of all praise—smart, quick, and faultless. Not a fair chance of a catch was missed, and the bowling very fine. Chatterton kept his bat to the last, and the betting was strongly in favour of his being able to carry it out, but he was clean bowled, after remaining at the wickets all through the innings, which, had it not been marred by a couple of chances he gave, would have been a perfect display. His hits included four fours, a three, and eight couples.

I append a copy of the scores :—

## MR. READ'S ELEVEN.

W. Chatterton, b Middleton .. .. .	83
A. Hearne, c Castens, b Pemberton .. .. .	20
Mr. W. L. Murdoch, c and b Hearne .. .. .	22
Mr. W. W. Read, c Van der Byl, b Pemberton .. .. .	3
A. D. Pougher, c Hearne, b Pemberton .. .. .	2
Mr. G. Brann, c Pemberton, b Hearne .. .. .	0
G. G. Hearne, c Allen, b Van der Byl .. .. .	37
H. Wood, c Steytler, b Van der Byl .. .. .	12
Mr. J. J. Ferris, b Van der Byl .. .. .	15
F. Martin, b Van der Byl .. .. .	1
J. T. Hearne, not out .. .. .	2
Extras .. .. .	3

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## WESTERN PROVINCE.

T. Routledge, c Read, b Hearne .. .. .	14
Mills, c A. Hearne, b Martin .. .. .	6
H. H. Castens, c Read, b Martin .. .. .	6
G. Cripps, b Martin .. .. .	0
C. S. Hickley, lbw, b Martin .. .. .	0
H. C. Calder, c Wood, b Martin .. .. .	18
Lieut. Boyle, run out .. .. .	15
Hearne, c Wood, b Ferris .. .. .	21
W. H. Milton, c and b Hearne .. .. .	0
V. Van der Byl, b Ferris .. .. .	30
E. S. Steytler, b Ferris .. .. .	0
J. A. Van der Byl, b Ferris .. .. .	0
Captain Wright, c A. Hearne, b Ferris .. .. .	0
E. Allen, not out .. .. .	17
Private Middleton, b Pougher .. .. .	9
M. Bisset, run out .. .. .	0
Drummer Ellis, c Wood, b Hearne .. .. .	0
G. P. Pemberton, lbw, b Ferris .. .. .	0
Extras .. .. .	9

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During the play I noticed many distinguished visitors present, among them being His Excellency the Governor, Sir Henry Loch, the Misses Loch and party, the Bishop of

Cape Town, the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. W. Sauer), the Colonial Treasurer (Mr. Merriman), the Lord Chief Justice, General Cameron, and many others.

The result of the match was a draw, which may be considered very satisfactory for both sides. For the Colonials because they made a very praiseworthy show, and for the English team because the teams who are to meet them hereafter up-country will gain confidence, and feel they have not such terrific odds against them in the bowling as were at first no doubt expected. Therefore the up-country matches will be more likely to last out for two or three days, and a fair amount of confidence should be shown, which must result in payable receipts being taken throughout the tour. The Englishmen for their second innings played seven men, and upon the score reaching one hundred and forty-six the innings was declared closed. Chatterton with forty-seven runs, and W. L. Murdoch (the ex-Australian), with forty-five not out, played splendidly.

The Colonial team then went to the wicket, and started their innings in good style, with a plucky determination to make a hard fight for it, but at six o'clock, when the stumps were drawn, they had only been able to make one hundred and twenty-seven runs for six wickets, so the game was naturally a draw. The highest score was reached by Mr. H. H. Castens, not out with forty-five, followed by Mr. T. Routledge, with twenty-six. The Colonial fielding is certainly beyond all praise, and had they been able to save their time, it would have been a

very near thing. The next match will be between the Englishmen and fifteen selected members of various Cape clubs ; after which Mr. Read's team will journey up to Kimberley, and thence through the colony.

Having, after nearly a five weeks' stay at Cape Town finally completed the commercial portion of my occupation there, and fairly exhausted the many means of recreation, as well as obtained a thorough insight of the place and its people, I decided to turn attention to the primary object of my visit—health. Very emphatically, and in the strongest language, I reluctantly am compelled to condemn Cape Town as a locality perfectly unsuitable for those suffering with diseases of the chest and lungs. As I have already remarked, the air is far too moist in the first place, and, during the strong south-easterly winds that I experienced, is permeated with the finest insidious atoms of dust, which of necessity must find their way into the cells of the respiratory organs. For those in health, and unaffected with lung trouble, Cape Town has nothing against its character. The drainage of Sea Point (to my mind by far the most preferable suburb) leaves nothing wanting, and although I find many writers declaim against Cape Town on account of its want of sanitation, I saw no evidence which would justify my writing in the same strain. It is now an accomplished fact that the Municipality have received power to spend £800,000 on improvements and an effectual drainage scheme for Cape Town, the work being just about to commence. It is



a lively city, of which the Empire may well be proud, and bids fair to become one of the finest ports in the world. A visitor can with advantage spend some three or four weeks here on arrival, and gain improved health and strength, always provided, he or she do not suffer with any weakness of the throat or lungs. During my stay, I was certainly disappointed that my troublesome cough showed no signs of improvement, and the appetite required constant tonics.



## CHAPTER V.

### *Matjesfontein.*

**B**Y the advice of my kind friend, Mr. Thorne, I decided to make a lengthened stay in the Karoo, on my way northward to Kimberley, and at his suggestion settled upon Matjesfontein as presenting all the atmospheric advantages desirable.

Accordingly, with great regret, we parted company with Cape Town and its hospitable inhabitants on Wednesday morning, 23rd December, by the 7.40 a.m. train for that Dutch-suggestive place Matjesfontein. Our route naturally was through the Western Province of the colony. At first we skirted the coast, the belt of which consists of chains of huge mountains forming a network over a tract of country some hundreds of miles in extent, the mountains having at their feet level valleys or small plains. They are composed of igneous though stratified rock, covered by little soil, and showing signs of Titanic subterannean action; many of them seemed to be hurled up by one convulsive act. Bare strata of rock, thousands of feet in extent, are raised on end, like those to be seen in the Lanterbrunnen valley; their jagged edges forming the crests of vast mountain ranges. In the

still peaceful valleys at the feet of these mountains are running streams. In the spring-time, I am told, African heath covers them with red, pink and white bells; and the small wine farms dot the sides of the valleys with their white houses, and beautifully green fields, dwarfed under the high bare mountains. Here and there are little towns and villages, built as only the old Dutch Huguenots knew how to build, the long straight streets lined with trees on either hand, and streams of water running down them. Through such scenery the Iron Horse conveyed us for some few hours, passing on our way Paarl, an essentially Dutch town in every respect of the word. It is owned by Dutchmen, inhabited by Dutchmen, monopolised by Dutchmen, and was built by Dutchmen.

With its old thatched roofed, gabled, whitewashed green-shuttered houses, with their cool stone *stoeps* under the deep shade of the trees, and with their vineyards and orchards, Paarl looks as it really is, a peaceful, prosperous, and restful retreat from the cares and anxieties of life. As it appears so it is. A long village, with its long street of some miles in length, bordered on each side of the same by detached villa residences such as I have described, each with its grounds of several acres. The chief industries are the manufacture of wine and waggons. This town is the head centre of the "Afrikander Bund," and I am sure Her Majesty the Queen has no subjects more loyal to her throne than these Dutchmen. Leaving Paarl and its jolly Dutch residences behind us, we gradually ascended the rising main valley until we reached

the Hex River, with its mountains of solid rock rising up thousands of feet, on either hand, the vast strata contorted into fantastic shapes, and below them the smiling valley with its sprinkling of wine farms. Undoubtedly this part of the line has the finest scenery from Cape Town right up to Kimberley. At Hex River the valley narrows down considerably, and the train winds in and out like a huge snake, at the base of the lofty mountains which here appear to form an impassable barrier. Each stroke of the piston rod raises us some inches higher, and we gradually realise the fact that we are actually climbing one of these high mountains by describing many curves round the bases of several. Presently we observe that the track has doubled back, and far away below us we can see the metals over which we passed some half-hour or so ago. This part of the line bears a striking resemblance to that of the St. Gotthard Railway at Wasen, on the Swiss side. Finally we reach the summit of the giant that our train with its pair of engines has been attacking for some three hours, and find, to our surprise, we make hardly any descent on the other side; that what appeared from the south to be a high mountain range was merely the edge of a vast plateau larger in extent than the whole of England and Wales. We found ourselves on an undulating plain, bounded on every side by small fantastic hills. The air is exceedingly dry and clear. This, thought I, is what I am seeking. It is so light that we draw a long breath to make sure we are breathing it aright. We then recognise the fact that we

are in company with an old friend, the exhilarating, pure, rarified atmosphere of those dear old Swiss mountains, which have always given me what I now require—health. There is not a blade of grass to be seen growing anywhere; the yellowish sand is covered with bushes a few inches high, clothed with small, hard, crisp leaves of a dull olive green; here and there a stapelia with fleshy, cactus-like leaves of a red, waxy milk bush. As far as the eye can reach for miles and miles there is not a tree nor a plant more than two feet high. Far in the distance are one or two solitary, isolated, flat-peaked mountains; nearer at hand are small, conical hillocks or Kopjes, as they are locally called. In the still clear air you can see the rocks on the hills ten miles away, as clearly as though they were beside you. The landscape has a terribly desolate look about it, and carries the mind back to the time of childhood when we were first told the story of St. John the Baptist in the wilderness. The whole description of the teacher of our childhood so agreeably fits in with this scene, that though I have never been so fortunate as to visit the Holy Land, yet methinks that wilderness must have been some such spot as this, where life, though shut out from all the luxurious enjoyments and higher comforts, is still possible and even tolerable, in the open sky of Heaven, with the realm of nature widening out in all its many aspects on every side. To the stranger, oppressive, weird, fantastic, but to the man who has lived with it, and in it, a scene for which no other on earth presents to him its equal. This is the far-famed Karoo.

Here we are at last, and in the midst of this undulating, dried up, scorched and arid wilderness we have come several thousand miles to seek what no money can buy, but which Providence only can bestow, and only then provided the laws of nature are obeyed. We poor invalids only realise the value of health when we have lost it, and I fear some of us have ourselves, through neglect of nature's laws, contributed to the loss for which, by the justice of retribution, we must suffer. After travelling through the Karoo for twenty and sometimes fifty miles without seeing a human habitation of any kind, you may come upon a farm. The house, a small white speck in the vast landscape, generally lies at the foot of a hill or "kopje," with its sheep kraals on the slope behind it; they are large brown squares, constructed of stones and mud plaster. Sometimes there is a garden before the house, also enclosed by stone walls, and containing fruit trees. There is generally a dam with willows planted beside it; sometimes there is neither garden nor dam, and the little white house stands there baking in the sun, the only water supply being obtained from some small unseen spring or stream. Before we reached the Karoo we had the good fortune to see several wild ostriches, which took no notice of the passing train, whatever they might have done had a single man appeared on the scene. The export of ostrich feathers is a large source of income to the colony, and there are many farms in the Algoa Bay districts, upon which thousands of these queer-looking birds are reared. We arrived safely at Matjesfontein about

ten o'clock p.m., after a rather long journey of fourteen hours. Mr. Logan, the proprietor of the hotel here, met us and relieved us of all trouble with our luggage. The train being an hour and a half late, our supper was correspondingly in a "late" state. However, old travellers never stand at trifles, and, being weary and hungry, we turned to with an appetite worthy of a Guildhall banquet. Matjesfontein is a name—but a village, a city, town, or hamlet it certainly is not. The only buildings to be seen are the railway station, certainly a very fine one for such a spot, consisting of a spacious refreshment room and convenient offices for passengers, with a very beautiful, lofty and commodious dining room for the visitors to the "hotel," and in point of fact this one room is all that really consists of the "hotel," in the strict sense of the word, for all the visitors are lodged in four bungalows and three detached houses, which, with a general store and a wind and steam mill, make up the rest of the—what shall I call it?—settlement? of Matjesfontein. No other habitation is visible as far as the eye can reach. In giving this description it must not be thought that, on account of the smallness of the location, home comforts and necessities are wanting. Not a bit of it. Mr. Logan, who came out here some eight years or so ago, is the creator of the place, and fully grasped the conditions requisite to make his venture a success, namely, that every attraction of a city hotel must be imported if he would attract sufficient customers to make his venture pay. Looking around on this spot, right out in the centre of the great Karoo desert,

I cannot help admiring the man for his pluck in starting such a venture, and his master mind in providing such unexpected luxuries for his patrons. The place is lighted by electricity, if you please. This is something to talk about. Whilst our municipalities at home are talking about electric lighting, here, in the midst of a wilderness, we find a settlement supplied with this luminant. A lesson for Bumble. Mr. Logan owns several large farms, whence are obtained all the requisites for the table. He has the sporting rights over some forty or fifty square miles all around, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to make up a shooting party among his guests for big or small game. There are large quantities of the various species of African antelopes and deer, as well as a splendid lot of partridges and hares. Unfortunately it is close time here until February, so I shall not have the much wished for chance of shooting my first buck, or participating in a partridge drive. The only disadvantage I can find in Matjesfontein is the absence of any resident medical man. In case of severe illness or accident, one has to telegraph to Cape Town, which means a certain delay of at least thirteen hours, and a probable one of twenty-four hours, as there are only two trains a day arriving here from that city.

The system of management of Mr. Logan's "hotel" is unique. Visitors are lodged in the bungalows (never more than three or four in any one), or in one of the detached houses, and each two or each party of friends are allowed a private sitting-



room in the same building, but all meals are taken *à la table d'hôte* in the large dining-room in the railway station, which is on the opposite side of the road to the above dining room. By this means privacy and home comforts are assured. I far prefer Mr. Logan's system to the bustle of an hotel, where one who is making a lengthened stay is bound more or less to associate with strangers, irrespective of their dissimilarity of tastes and characters. Here a man feels he is, in a certain degree, in his own castle. We three have a whole bungalow to ourselves, and can do as we like, without interfering with the comfort and idiosyncracies of other people. Those who care for it can enjoy a splendid canter over the Veldt, as there are four good saddle-horses in the stables belonging to the establishment. I must not omit to mention that the enterprising proprietor has built a splendid swimming-bath for the use of his visitors. Oh ! the luxury of a cold tub in the open air, with plenty of room for a stretch upon its cold waters. In a temperature of about ninety-five degrees in the shade a plunge bath of some sixty feet in length is a treat not to be easily declined. Although in summer not a drop of water is to be seen upon the surface of any part of this higher Karoo, yet it is easily obtainable by digging or boring for twenty or thirty feet in the dry bed of any watercourse. Hence at Matjesfontein we have a splendid supply of *aqua pura*, beyond reproach in quality, though perhaps rather hard.

Christmas Day has at last come round, but what a

negative Christmas it is to us, who have not a friend near to join in any of the festivities of the season. Here, under a burning African sun, without a familiar face or the merry greetings of our dear children, one cannot realise that it is Christmas. Our thoughts naturally travel the intervening space between us and them at a quicker speed than ever the electric fluid passed along the wires, and for a brief space we are once more at home in the family circle in spirit, though not in person. Then, returning from our reverie to our present surroundings, we trustfully commend our dear ones to the safe protection of Him whose glorious birthday we joyously celebrate. Mr. Logan did his utmost to make our Christmas a pleasant one. All his guests were hospitably entertained for the day, and his private house was thrown open to all comers.

At my suggestion the usual English toasts were proposed at dinner, not one of our many friends being forgotten.

Since I have been in Matjesfontein I have had an opportunity of inspecting a veritable South African farm, and making close acquaintance with a typical British born South African farmer, in the person of Mr. J. D. Logan, the owner of the settlement, whose history will rival that of any work of fiction, for evidence showing the results of indomitable perseverance and honest hard work. Mr. James Douglas Logan hails from beyond the Tweed, being a native of Berwickshire. But although born so close to the English border he is essentially Scotch in his

views and aspirations, yet totally devoid of that petty meanness which some Scotchmen regard as a proof of thrift and cuteness. He was born in the year 1856, and commenced life on the North British Railway. Even in South Africa there are some who can remember the mischievous, merry-hearted youngster, who in those days officiated as booking clerk at the Reston Junction Station. An ardent longing for a wider sphere of ambition sent Mr. Logan, when quite a boy, into the seafaring line; and to the varied experience which he gained as a sailor, must be attributed no small share of the success which he has attained in life. It was whilst serving on board the "Roehampton," which, owing, to bad weather, was driven into Simon's Bay, that Mr. Logan first appeared in this colony. From Simon's Bay to Cape Town is not a long distance, and Mr. Dell, the late sub-manager of railways, speaks with an honest pride of the fact that he first recognised the character of the young Scotchman, who presented himself as an applicant for work on the railway system, with an expression of readiness to do any work that brought in a fair day's wages. There was no nonsense in Logan's head about the eight hours labour question, which so unhappily seems to occupy the attention of that political party at home, which is now seeking for any cry or any bribe, by which it may secure the suffrages of the working classes. Mr. Logan makes no boast of it, but he would be the last man to conceal the fact that he commenced his South African career as a porter at the Cape Town railway

station. In more than one quarter, future possibilities were noted in the zealous servant, who was prepared to do his duty, yet resented anything beyond what he considered to be the duty of even a porter. His promotion was rapid. From porter to stationmaster, and then district railway superintendent on the newly-opened line to Montague Road, occupied but the short space of two years. Believing in the future of the colony, and seeing but a certain limited career before him in the railway service, Mr. Logan, to the great regret of his superior officers, severed his connection with the railway service of Cape Colony. It would be a waste of words to speak of him to South African travellers, for everyone who has had occasion to travel along the lines of the Cape Government Railways, is familiar with the name of "Logan." He has built up centres of business, and afforded to the farming population along the Karoo markets for their produce, which they never dreamt of before. Had he been a son of the soil he could not have given more practical proofs of his affection for, and belief in, the land of his adoption than he has done. He has never aspired, as so many have done, to the vampire policy of sucking what he could out of South Africa, and retiring, with what he could scrape together, to Europe ; but every penny of his money is invested in the district which he now seeks to represent in Parliament, or in undertakings connected with it, or the gold mines, &c., of the colonies. He is the largest landowner in Cape Colony, and can ride over his own ground for nearly fifty square miles. If a man can claim

the good opinion of his fellow-men on the ground that he has converted a barren wilderness into a fruitful farm, Mr. Logan certainly ranks *par excellence* beyond his opponents in this respect, for even in this so-called "barren Karoo" he has proved himself to be a most successful farmer. He owns a flock of between five and six thousand sheep, besides a large stock of horses, mules and bullocks, not to mention goats and poultry. He is a Justice of the Peace, a member of the Divisional Council for Worcester, and now aspires to represent this district as a farmer's friend in the Legislative Assembly. With his unbounded popularity, I do not think there is much fear for the result at the next general election. He is an ideal colonist, a man who throws his heart and soul into everything he undertakes, whose energy and enterprise will admit of no impossibilities in dealing with the obstacles that beset his path in his indomitable perseverance to improve everything his hand touches. Given a thousand such men, and South Africa will soon rival England's full-grown child—Australia.

Through the Karoo there are few running streams; the waters of any fountains which may exist are quickly drunk up by the soil, and men and animals are largely dependent on artificial dams filled by surface rain water. The farmer makes his livelihood from flocks of sheep which wander over the Karoo, and which flourish on its short dry bushes. The wool of these animals alone forms one of the most important items of export. In the spring in those years when rain has fallen the Karoo is a flower garden.

As far as the eye can reach stretch plots of white and yellow and purple fig flowers ; every foot of Karoo sand is broken up by small flowering lilies and wax flowers ; in a space a few feet square you may sometimes gather fifty kinds of flowers. In the crevices of the rocks little flowering plants are growing. At the end of two months it is all over ; the bulbs have died back into the ground by millions, the fig blossoms are withered, the Karoo assumes the red and brown tints which it wears for the rest of the year. Sometimes there is no spring. At intervals of few years great droughts occur, when for thirteen months the sky is cloudless. The Karoo bushes drop their leaves and are dry withered stalks, the fountains fail, and the dams are flooded with dry baked mud : the sheep and goats then get a rough time of it, and then indeed the Karoo is a desert. It is to provide for these long rainless periods that all plant life in the Karoo is modified. Nothing that cannot retain some form of life habitually for six months and at need for eighteen months without rain, can subsist here. The Karoo bush, itself a tiny plant, provides against drought by roots of enormous length, stretching under ground to a depth of twenty-five to thirty feet. Even on the insect life the exceptional conditions of the Karoo have a marked effect. Imitative colouring is more common here than elsewhere ; thus one insect is so like the white pebbles near which it is always found ; another large locust, with hardly any power of flight protects itself by lying motionless on red stones, which it so exactly resembles in colour, having even the rough cleavage marks

upon it, that it is impossible to detect it, though you know it to be there; hardly any insect or reptile exists without imitative colouring. This fact makes it extremely dangerous to the pedestrian to walk carelessly over the Veldt, away from the beaten track or roads, as the Karoo abounds with many species of the most deadly snakes and vipers. Not only the cobra and puff adder, but a whole host of night snakes, which come out of the bushes at twilight and will noiselessly attack anything and everything they can find. Some of these do not exceed a foot or two in length, and are as fine as the lash of an ordinary whip. Being of the same shade as the rocks and soil, it is almost impossible to detect their presence. During the stay here of just three weeks, several have been killed within a few yards of our bungalow. Cobras, of course, grow to a large size, often measuring six and even eight feet. A few days since at Vryburg, a farmer took into the market a huge cauliflower in a sack; its abnormal size attracted much attention, and a bystander lifted it up in his arms and pulled open a couple of the outside leaves. Imagine his horror and dismay on finding a night adder, nearly two feet long, wriggling about inside it. The snake was slain, and the cauliflower sold for threepence. In any country where venomous reptiles are plentiful, and human life is continually in danger therefrom, it is a wise precaution to be prepared for emergencies. There are many antidotes for snake bites which have been tried more or less successfully, but ipecacuanha powder would appear to be as safe as any known remedy, which has the advantage of

being conveniently obtained. I have just heard of a German surgeon who cured every patient, no matter by what snake bitten, large or small, by a simple poultice of ipecacuanha powder, damped with water, giving a little of the powder internally. He always carries a tin of the drug in his pocket. He has a fine collection of deadly reptiles, secured in large glass jars of alcohol, numbered to tally with his case book, in which names, dates, places, and every satisfactory item are entered. He claims never to have lost a case since administering it. There are often deaths among natives from the bite of the scorpion, which also abounds in the Karoo in large numbers and in many species. The fiery pain attended by fever is said to be intense. In these cases ipecacuanha powder will rapidly quench this inward fire, and rapidly soothe the inward inflammation. Twenty grains is an emetic, but in these cases it is absorbed and neutralises the poison. The proper treatment, and I mention it here, as there may be many to whom this information will be invaluable, and it is a knowledge that cannot be too widely disseminated, is as follows: Internally for an adult, twenty grains. Externally, scarify the wound, sucking or dry-cupping it; apply a plaster to it on paper or rag, of the ipecacuanha. On the 5th inst. a gentleman was reading on the doorstep of the Natal Mounted Police Barracks at Royand, when he was bitten three inches above the left ankle by a black Mamba. The doctor quickly administered a strong dose of *eau de luce*, both externally and internally, the patient being almost made to swallow half a bottle of brandy.



Repeated doses of *eau de luce* and camphor were given at frequent intervals, and the patient was kept quiet and fed with milk and soda water. The snake was killed by the occupants of the messroom, when it was found to be eight and a half feet long, five inches in girth, and to contain seventeen eggs. A Mamba measuring ten feet was killed at the same station a few days previously. This gentleman is still confined to his bed and unable to walk, but it is said to be the only known case of survival from a black Mamba's bite. One other remedy I have heard of here, and am assured it has been tried with success in several cases. It is simply to administer neat brandy until the patient is absolutely perfectly drunk. So strong is the virus or poison of these African reptiles that half a bottle can be taken neat before the spirit will have any effect whatever on the snake-bitten person. This has been successfully tried here in Matjesfontein, and I have seen the native whose life was saved in this manner. A few days since, at the invitation of one of the inspectors of the railway, we mounted a trolley such as is used by the platelayers at home, and started for a run to the next station, some eighteen miles towards Kimberley. So great are the inclines on the Cape railways that we were able, in this instance, to travel at the rate of from ten to thirty miles per hour by the natural force of gravitation, unaided by any other means of propulsion whatever. I know no better method of seeing the country thoroughly in a shorter space of time. During our rapid flight down hill we came into the midst of an enormous tribe of

Baboons, numbering at least some two hundred, of all sizes and kinds. These great creatures made off to a safe distance on either side of the line as we flew by, standing on their feet like a regiment of soldiers in loose formation. There were several among this herd that were over six feet in height. My friends tell me they are perfectly harmless provided they are not attacked. If they see a gun or a stick they will scamper off as fast as a buck or a hare. One wonders how such a troop of large and powerful animals can find sufficient subsistence in so wild and desolate a country. Whilst writing on the subject of the fauna of this part of the colony, I may mention that the largest game found here is the Cape tiger, or more correctly speaking, leopard. For lions, one must go further afield to Mashonaland. This morning I read the following exciting account of a lion adventure in a Natal paper, which bears the stamp of truth upon it, as names and places are published. It may be interesting to my readers, so I give it at length:—

“On Thursday, 20th August, in company with two others, I secured a passage from Pretoria with a transport rider in his waggons to the Lebombo. A Mrs. Caldwell, with her little boy about two years old, was also of the party; she was going to join her husband at Crocodile Poort. Just before starting, about four p.m., a smart-looking man of about thirty-four or thirty-five years came up, and said in a sharp, clear voice, ‘You are the conductor I arranged with last night for a passage?’ On being told ‘Yes,’ and refusing to join us in drinking

coffee, he told the conductor he would catch us up on the road. We put him down as a surly brute, and one that you would not like for a companion on a journey. But how we misjudged our man a short time afterwards was proved. A day or two after starting we named him 'the silent companion,' as we could neither get him to talk nor join us at cards, his time being occupied by reading at night and shooting during the day, always coming in with a good bag, and sending us, I must say, the bigger half. Strange to say, although shunning us, the closest friendship sprung up between him and Mrs. Caldwell's little boy, 'Tommy,' as our 'silent companion' called him. On Thursday, the 3rd September, having encamped for the night some distance from Poort City, on the Crocodile River banks, at about nine p.m., being busy cooking, we were suddenly startled by loud, piercing shrieks from Mrs. Caldwell, and, hurrying up to her waggon, an awful sight met our view. Not ten yards distant, and making for the bush and long grass, were two lions, one with the child and the other with the sheep which we had bought at the Concordia Hotel the day before. We stood spell-bound, Mrs. Caldwell had fainted, but our 'silent companion' had taken in the situation at a glance. Snatching his rifle and revolver from the waggon, he, in his sharp, clear voice, said 'Follow up.' In less time than I can pen this he had disappeared in the long grass in the track of the lions. In a few minutes the crack of a rifle, followed by one of the most awful roars I ever heard in my life, told us our 'silent

companion' was at work, and, directed by four revolver shots fired in quick succession, we arrived at the scene of battle. There, lying huddled together, were the lion, Mrs. Caldwell's boy, and our 'silent companion.' The lion, which was on top, we could see was quite dead, and getting the waggon boys, with some difficulty we removed the lion, and found the child unhurt, but not so his gallant defender, whose left arm and side were badly mauled. The lion must have caught him by the arm, as his coat, a light tweed, was torn to pieces, and a number of letters lying about. He was bleeding profusely from the wound in his side, and appeared quite lifeless. We removed him to the waggon, and with the assistance of Mrs. Caldwell, stopped the bleeding with great difficulty. On picking up his letters we found them addressed, 'J. Boyde, Railway Station, Ladysmith.' We have left Boyde in good hands, and in a fair way towards recovery, and hope, on our return journey in about two months, to find him all right."

Here, in the Karoo, the most venomous snakes abound, and if the land is abundant in reptiles, these will soon diminish as the population increases, and I am sure this great Karoo wilderness has a future. It will become the sanatorium of the world. It has a climate that is unequalled. It will be visited not only by those seeking recovery from illness from the moister and unhealthy Zambesia, and sub-tropical regions of Africa, but from all parts of the world. The selfish lover of the Karoo may regret it, but the day will come

when the inhabitants of the Karoo will cull millions from their dry soil and bare hills, as the inhabitants of Riviera cull them to-day. The night time on the Karoo is charming. The "Milky Way" forms a white band across the sky; and as you stand alone outside in the open, and see the velvety, blue-black vault of heaven rising slowly on one side of the horizon and sinking on the other, with an intense silence, you are compelled to bow the spirit in pure worship before the throne of the mighty Creator, whose very being and existence you cannot fail to see in the wonders of nature and the work of His hands spread out before you. At times like these, in the solemn communing of your heart, His presence can almost be felt. Then the truth of the Christian religion and worship strikes the trembling chords of the soul's emotions, and the spirit soars through the boundless space of the starry skies to the throne of God himself, with songs of adoration and praise, with soul-felt feelings of thankfulness for the revelation of His unfailing love to His toiling creation, which is to be read and is revealed in these sights the visible evidences of His almighty power. It was among such motionless, immeasurable silences, that the Oriental mind first framed its noblest conception of the Unknown, the great "I am that I am" of the Hebrews. As one sits on a Kopje, and the moon has risen with its light pouring over the plain, even the stones with their rainbow hues are beautiful; and what you have never yet believed of human or Divine love and fellowship, and never yet grasped, suddenly seems all possible to you. Not less rare

is the sunshine, when the hills, which have been purple, turn to gold, and the rays of light suddenly shoot fifty miles across the plain, making every drop on the plants sparkle. Not less wonderful are the sunsets, when you go out for an evening's walk. The fierce heat is over, as you walk a cool breath kisses your cheek; you look up, and all the hills are turned pink, red, blue and purple, each peak being as sharply defined as though cut with a knife, and the curious light lies on the top of the vegetation; everything is gilded, and then quickly vanishes. Along the horizon there are bars of gold and carmine against a pale emerald sky, and then everything turns grey and sinks into night.



## CHAPTER VI.

### *Kimberley.*

**I**T was with great regret that we left Matjesfontein on Wednesday, January 13th, at 8.30 a.m., by train for Kimberley. All the visitors at Logan's Hotel or Bungalows turned out to see us off and wish us God speed. We certainly had had a very pleasant and happy, if quiet, rest at that unique little settlement. The scenery we passed through during the whole of that day was a constant repetition of itself, boundless dry plains of the Karoo with scarcely a habitation to be seen, excepting a scattered farmhouse every twenty or thirty miles, and the railway employés' state-built cottages, one of which is placed at an interval of every five miles along the whole line from Cape Town to Vryburg in British Bechuanaland. Each of these railway cottages is numbered, so that if the traveller multiplies the number on the front of the cottage by five, and deducts five from the result, the product gives the nett number of miles from Cape Town. It is a very novel method of determining the distance travelled, but at the same time a correct one. Our average rate of speed did not exceed more than twenty miles per hour, as the

gradients and curves are very great. The line has been laid with every regard to economy. Cuttings and embankments, for the levelling of the gradients, there are scarcely any. The rails are simply laid upon the open Veldt, and rise as well as descend with the level of the natural plane. The journey occupied in all about twenty-three and half hours, so that we had the unenviable pleasure of a day and night in the train without a break. The only stoppage was made at Beaufort West, a pretty little oasis in the Karoo some seven hours from Matjesfontein, where half-an-hour was allowed for dinner. They called it dinner, but if Lord Randolph Churchill's constant experience of the food provided on his trip at all coincided with this miserable meal, I think he was justified in his strictures of the hotel accommodation, although so far this is the first meal I have taken in South Africa that calls for adverse comment. We were able to purchase some beautiful peaches *en route* for about sixpence per dozen. There is nothing more refreshing on a long hot journey than a light fruit meal. Towards evening we noticed a great quantity of hawks of various species taking up their quarters for the night on the topmost branches of the telegraph poles; my friend counted over one hundred of these birds within a distance of twenty miles. Here we also saw a few specimens of the Secretary bird, which, in appearance, is very much like half stork and half buzzard. This bird is a "caution to snakes," taken in the literal sense of the word, and there is hardly any viper too large for its attacks. Its



method is to irritate the snake by sundry pecks with its long beak, until it raises itself to strike, the Secretary then batters its head between his two large powerful wings until it is fairly stunned. He then seizes the snake and soars into the air some thousand feet or more, suddenly drops it and leisurely follows the falling body, which is naturally dashed to pieces, and makes a glorious meal of, I think, the most repulsive creature on God's earth. About ten o'clock we turned in for the night. Night travelling wonderfully economises time, and the conditions and conveniences under which it is possible on all the Cape railways, enable the passenger to really enjoy and obtain a comfortable night's rest and sleep. Every first and second-class carriage is provided with movable backs, which can be pulled out and lifted up or down, as the case may be, forming a broad shelf or berth. Thus each compartment becomes a sort of four berth cabin. There are never more than four passengers allowed in any one compartment, consequently all can enjoy the luxury of a good stretch and plenty of sea room for an uninterrupted sleep. The first-class carriages on these lines are far superior to any of those of our English companies. It is strange that although England was the cradle of the steam engine, and also of the postal system, yet in both these commercial pursuits she is far behind almost every other country in the world in their development. Is it the English official's love of red tape that keeps the first commercial country of the world so backward in most things connected with either the Government or large

public companies? It has often puzzled me for instance to explain the reason why our Postmasters General always have to be taught their duties and business by foreign nations. There is no postal system under the sun (except China) that is not far in advance of us in the general facilities it affords the public. Many of our railways are on a level. It is positively humiliating to compare the cattle trucks called first-class carriages on the South-Eastern Railway and the luxurious accommodation here in a comparatively young colony. Then make another comparison between the unpunctuality of the London and South-Western and the South-Eastern Railways with the splendid time they keep on the Cape Government lines. Here, in a journey of 36 hours, the trains are rarely more than ten minutes either before or behind time. I have before now travelled to Gravesend on the South-Eastern, and been thankful to arrive within twenty minutes of the advertised time. It would do some of our officials good to travel a bit, they would learn something, provided they left their official uniform at home. Thanks to the comfort provided we arrived at Kimberley punctually to time, about eight o'clock on Thursday morning, refreshed by rest, and feeling thoroughly "fit" for a day's work. I had been recommended to put up at the Grand Hotel, a fine building of three stories in the large market square in the centre of the town. Accordingly, we soon found an attendant on the look out for customers, and entrusted him with our baggage, while we drove off in a Cape cart to secure quarters. We found the hotel everything

one could desire in both comfort and appointments, and after a good breakfast started on our preliminary inspection of the town, first calling on a friend with whom I have business relations, who I knew would gladly act as our guide. We were fortunate in finding him at home, and under his leadership made the tour of this still thriving township. Kimberley is certainly one of the most unique places I have ever yet visited. The warehouses and stores of even the largest merchants are built entirely of corrugated iron. Iron walls, iron roofs, and iron everything; galvanised, of course, as a protection against the weather. There are one or two brick buildings of recent erection, and these are really handsome structures, but the stranger cannot fail to be struck by the sea of corrugated iron which meets the gaze in all directions. The private houses are very similar in style to those at Cape Town, nearly all of one story, detached, and each standing in a pretty plot of ground. The private gardens of Kimberley are the most English object I have seen in South Africa. Many of them have grass lawns, and are landscaped after the English model. Fruit grows in abundance, peaches being about the cheapest article of consumption. I had an invitation to spend an evening with one of my commercial friends, and he showed me some standard trees which had hundreds of this beautiful luscious fruit hanging on their slender boughs. I should think there were, at least, ten or fifteen thousand peaches contained on one eighth of an acre of land. Water is very plentiful at Kimberley now, being pumped from the Vaal

river some fifteen miles away. In the early days it was all but unattainable, and a former miner (who has made his pile) told me the cheapest wash one could have was to buy a bottle of soda water for half-a-crown, and wash with that. This is no yarn but an actual fact, which I have had confirmed by several of the older inhabitants. The private villas, like the business houses, are all built of this corrugated iron, but in their case a certain amount of taste has been displayed in painting them agreeable neutral tints, which is far more restful to the eye than the glaring light shade tone of the natural article. Kimberley possesses a magnificent club, erected in the palmy days when the air was pregnant with booms of all kinds ; a time when many of our present millionaires made their fortunes in a few months. Then money had little value. The price of the absolute necessities of life, or, as the Germans expressively call it, " *Lebensmittel* " were boomed up to ten and twelve times their original cost. Even a small draper could make four and five thousand a year. I know more than three who did so, and don't they sigh for those good old times. It was only natural that with such wealth, the comforts and luxuries of life would receive perhaps more than their share of demand. One cannot therefore wonder that these men of too rapidly increasing wealth should be prodigal in their expenditure upon " The Kimberley Club." It is certainly the finest and best in the colony, and my friend was good enough to put me down as an honorary member. The internal arrangements of this institution leave nothing to be

desired. They have every accommodation for town and country members. Billiard, reading, dining, card, smoking, and private sitting rooms, as well as a separate building fitted up entirely with bed and bath rooms; the gardens adjoining are also very fine. This club is the general meeting place for gentlemen in the evening, and here the conversation runs upon the day's output of diamonds at the De Beers and other mines in the neighbourhood. Lately, however, the whole population has been struck down by the sad and deplorable news of the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. No people could be more loyal to our Royal House than our fellow subjects in South Africa. As soon as the news was received, the grand old national flag of our mighty empire was run up at half mast. Every countenance bore the expression of sadness, which the true colonial heart so sincerely felt. It was the only topic of conversation at the club, and on the market. Numbers of cablegrams were despatched to the Prince and Princess of Wales, conveying expressions of sincere condolence. Were it possible for our noble and good Queen to hear the unanimous loyalty of speech and sentiment that has so freely been indulged in here, she would require no further proof of that well known truth, that she lives in the hearts of her subjects, whose admiration is compelled by her stainless exemplary life as a woman, a mother, and a sovereign. It is intended to hold a funeral service at the same time and hour as that at St. George's Chapel, and I doubt whether the building here will hold one half of the intending worshippers.

Of course the chief attraction to Kimberley is the De Beers diamond mines. There is practically nothing else of public interest to see. What a great lesson there is to be learned from the contemplation of a city like Kimberley. A large and thriving town called into existence by the natural desire of mankind to adorn its person with these small specimens of geological formation. The diamond, as everyone knows, whilst always a mineral, is at the same time composed only of pure gas—one pure consolidated mass of absolute carbon. What a fascination there is about precious stones! It is not merely because they are beautiful, reflecting every shade of light that flashes through the prism of their centre, but on account of their great rarity and enormous value. The description of the Kimberley mines, and the method of working the same, has been so ably and minutely described by many travellers, that for general information I need only give a passing sketch of what I saw at the De Beer's property. This is the largest and most wealthy mine in the world. Twenty-five years ago there were only some three or four farms in the whole of the Kimberley district, and the existence of the enormous mineral wealth buried beneath the homesteads was not even thought of or imagined. One day, some twenty-one years ago, a traveller for a Hope Town draper, outspanned for the night at a farm between the Vaal and Orange rivers, and saw a little native playing with some common stones, amongst which was one that caught his eye from its crystal whiteness. He asked the parents of the child to let him have it, and they

readily parted with the "common thing" for a trifle, and told the traveller there were plenty more of them down by the river. That stone was the first diamond of the future world-wide known Kimberley district. It was sold for £500. Since then stones have been discovered of ten times and even fifty times that value, and the diamond industry, whose foundation was laid by that little Griqua lad, has fairly made the larger part of the fortune of Cape Colony. A few years later the magnificent stone known as the "Star of South Africa" was discovered, and valued at £25,000. This brought a host of diggers and prospectors to the district, and both banks of the Vaal river were soon turned into a vast camp of busy men washing the river sand and soil in search of the precious gem. To this day some of the purest and finest fancy shades of stones are to be found along the windings of the river, washed out of their native beds ages before the Biblical era of the world. In 1870 the whole Vaal river industry was turned upside down by the discovery of what is known as "dry diggings" some twenty miles to the south. At that time there were three farms on the present site of Kimberley, the names of which, or rather of their owners, have become immortalised by the proclamation of the diamond mines of Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, and De Beers. Since the day when the first pick was struck into the ground of the present Kimberley mine there have been over thirty-two million pounds worth of diamonds dragged from the soil of that one mile alone. I have been informed by the Chairman of the Gordon Diamond Mine that there is no

reason to suppose that the "Blue" or diamondiferous soil stops short until it reaches some ten thousand feet below the surface.

Kimberley and De Beers are the only mines where shafts are driven underground. The others are still more or less open workings. It is a sight not easily to be forgotten to stand on the edge of the Kimberley mine, which is situate near the centre of the town, and look down many thousands of feet into a vast abyss—in shape like a huge steep basin, every load of earth having been dragged out by hand in baskets. In Switzerland one looks up to the mountains, here one looks down at them, mountains and cliffs of rock surrounding the centre pipe of "Blue," in which alone the precious stones are to be found. There below, before the underground shafts were sunk, some thousands of Kaffirs toiled and loaded the large baskets and buckets with precious earth, which was hoisted to the surface along steel wires. At that time the mine was parcelled out into separate claims, each digger working his own with his own hauling gear. Open working is, of course, the cheapest, but it had to be abandoned when the mine reached a certain depth, in consequence of the fall of "reef" at the sides. "Reef" is the name given to the shale which encloses the diamond-bearing ground. As the hole sank deeper, the cliffs left standing around it began to totter and fall, rendering the task of clearing it away expensive and laborious. Meanwhile, excessive competition had reduced the market value of diamonds to a price that was absolutely unremunerative to the digger. Only two things



could save the industry—amalgamation and restriction of the output. With so many conflicting interests, this at first appeared impossible. The man who is called “The necessary man in South Africa,” Cecil Rhodes, now the Prime Minister of the Colony, and the creator of the De Beers Company, solved the difficulty. He came out here, as so many have done since, for health’s sake, at the age of fifteen. He was given up by the London physicians of that day as incurable, as he suffered terribly from tuberculosis. He began his colonial career as a planter in Natal, but shortly abandoned cotton for diamonds. His health rapidly improved, and before long, this beautiful pure air enabled him to do a good day’s hard work. Arrived at Kimberley he put all his money, which was not much, into De Beers shares, and claims, and land. When the bad times came on, he saw that he could unite them into a veritable El Dorado ; did so, and made himself twice over a millionaire, and this before he reached the age of thirty-six years. What a grand example this living monument of determined perseverance is for all young men commencing their battle of life. But there is a great secret involved in the success of Cecil John Rhodes, which might escape the notice of superficial observers. To his glory, to his credit, and to his everlasting memory, be it said, whatever Cecil Rhodes did, he did honestly. Not one penny of his wealth has been obtained by trickery or chicanery. His actions in everything with which he has been connected will bear the fullest light and blaze of even adverse unfriendly criticism. No scandal has ever yet tarnished

this grand Irishman's honoured reputation. He is none of your dastardly "guinea pigs," who by bubble companies and craftily worded prospectuses, rob the fatherless and widow. I repeat, Cecil John Rhodes stands for all time prominently before the world as a proof that even millions can be amassed by never swerving from the strict, straight path of rectitude and honour. I would never hesitate to invest money where I saw Cecil Rhodes' name as a director; it would be the genuine hall mark that sealed the enterprise with honesty. He was but a young fellow when he took the pumping contract in De Beers, and guided by his counsel and advice, the company began secretly and steadily to acquire the main interest in all the others, until one day they declared themselves masters of the situation. It then remoulded itself into the "De Beers' Consolidated," and absorbed all the other mines into one colossal syndicate, so that now it controls the diamond industry of the world. By their action the price of diamonds has been raised fifty per cent., and the output amounts to about three-and-a-half to four million pounds' worth per annum. To gauge the success of this creator of millions, and the dividends paid through his able direction, I give the official figures of the average, which is five-and-a-half per cent. on two-and-a-quarter millions of debentures, and ten per cent. dividend on a share capital of £3,950,000. To give a description of the method of working the mines from personal observation would not be very interesting reading, and I am afraid very imperfect at best. It is impossible to describe what is now really a

fine science of engineering skill after one hurried visit ; but the principal of the system is simple and easy to understand. These mines are only huge pipes, bored up to the surface through the rock strata (when as yet there was none of it), whilst the earth was in a boiling stage ; piercing the common strata and basaltic formations of the soil, and filled with a sort of blue cake, of which, as one writer describes it, the plums are diamonds. The half-baked blue, simmered up and down in the pipe with sufficient pressure to crystalise the carbon in it, but it, curiously enough, did not boil over at the top. Broken bits of case through which it pushed—"floating reef" they are called—were embedded near the top, which in each mine is basin shaped. Below the basin the pipe runs straight into the earth, in almost a perpendicular direction. The blue ground in which the diamonds are found is a rather soft rock, which is simply exposed to the action of the sun, air and water, which causes it to crumble away into ordinary blue-coloured earth or soil. This is then washed and treated by machinery. After the mud, or liquid fine soil is run off, the residue, after several treatments, is carefully sorted, and the pure rough uncut diamond very easily discovered by even an unpracticed eye. The bulk of the labourers in these mines are natives of every tribe, colour, race and speech of South Africa, as well as many convicts who are leased by the Government to the De Beers Company, and, therefore, are no expense to the colony. The Cape Government is cute in this, as it makes the disreputable and the felon earn their bread

during the whole term of their sentence. Of course, the convicts are always guarded by armed warders in the employ of the company. The overseers and managers are all white men. The only fault I have to find with the De Beers company is that it has no respect for the Sabbath day. All its employés are bound, more or less, to work the greater part of Sunday. I do think this a great blot and a standing disgrace upon the escutcheon of so wealthy and immensely powerful a company. Let the shareholders at home, who sit comfortably in their pews on Sunday morning, surrounded by the happy faces of their children, examine themselves, and put this question to their own consciences. Can they, like the Levite, "pass by on the other side," and say it is no business of theirs? Consider the matter for a moment, my friends who are fortunate as to be interested in this company. These men, though black and perhaps depraved, are yet in one, though a remote sense, your brethren. They have immortal souls that are as precious to their Creator as yours. You sit in your comfortable pews and return thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings of this life, for the redemption of the world, the means of grace, and the hope of eternal happiness. What about these poor devils, the fruit of whose labour you are enjoying? Can you take them also to the Throne of Grace with such a thanksgiving? You are, perhaps, not your brother's keeper; no, true, but you are your brother's slave master, and for the sake of an eighth per cent. dividend you will worship at the footstool of your Creator, whilst by your silence at the company's meetings, you take

good care to prevent these poor heathens ever getting a chance of even a knowledge of the God in whom you put your trust, and Whose commands, in all but this one respect, you faithfully and humbly obey. The white employés are nearly as much neglected. A gentleman employed at these works told me that his duties prevented him attending any service more often than once in five or six weeks. What if it did cost a trifle, or on principle a large sum, to enable these workers to have one day's rest in the seven, or even one in fourteen, so that they could render their duty to the Almighty? What is that compared to keeping these human souls in the darkness of heathenism without a hope or a thought for the life which is to come? It only requires a few conscientious shareholders to agitate for a more humane treatment of their employés, and the thing would be done. There is some comfort in the fact that in this enlightened age, nothing that is antagonistic to truth and justice can endure, therefore this state of things, like all other evils, will soon pass away. Kimberley is certainly an unique place, with an out-of-the-world air about it. It still retains its primitive iron shanties, which at one time fetched as much as £70 per month rent; and has a few magnificent stores. There is one here that is almost the counterpart of Whiteley's, at Westbourne Grove, except that I think the Kimberley concern can claim a far greater wholesale trade, and more departments. The managing director of this large warehouse kindly conducted me through the premises this morning, and though we did

not loiter or waste our time, it occupied a hour and a half to go through the whole of the departments. This gigantic commercial enterprise was founded less than twenty years ago by one man, who started business in a very small way. To-day it holds a position as one of the most important trading concerns in Cape Colony. In consequence of the dimensions to which the business has attained, and to give further facilities for its developement, it was turned into a limited liability company, which is, however, of a private character, the shares all being held by members of the family of the founder and the present directors. In Kimberley the company carries on operations of a very extensive and comprehensive character. It has built the whole of the village of Kenilworth for the De Beers Company's white employés, several railway stations, and many of the modern private houses. There are in all five or six separate buildings, some devoted to drapery, furniture, carpet warehouses, Manchester woollen and soft goods of every description ; whilst other buildings are set apart for provisions, oils, colours, hardware, glass and china, drugs and medicines, machinery, carriages, builders' materials, tobacco, cigars, and merchandise of every sort for colonial use. I saw some 10,000 blankets for the Kaffir trade in one corner of one of the stores. This description will give our folk at home good cause to know that there is still some value to be put down to the credit of our colonies, as consumers of our manufactures. Mr. Labouchere can shout as long as he likes about the expense of our colonial empire, but he will never persuade

those who have visited it to treat his wild language with any other feeling but that of amusement. You see he is one of the "stay-at-homes," who knows everything without having seen for himself. Such testimony is not worth even passing consideration.

One of the most interesting sights in Kimberley is the market square on market days. This large square, bounded by the Government buildings on the one side, the general post-office on another, and large warehouses and stores completing its boundary, is occupied by a conglomerate mass of animals, men and women, all intent on the business of the day. Auctioneers, at one end, are busy shouting out the latest bid for a span of oxen, or a brass bedstead, whilst at the next rostrum an energetic perspiring individual is drawing attention to a pair of horses, harness, and Cape cart. This lot fetches only seventeen pounds, and the stranger is naturally curious to know the reason of such unheard of low prices, and then the fact is elicited that a good, sound, serviceable horse can be obtained anywhere up Kimberley way for seven or eight pounds. These open-air auctioneers are quite a speciality of Cape commercial customs, and a very large amount of money is turned over every market day by their aid. The articles sold range from a cask of iron nails up to boots, clothing, bedding, carriages and horses. Each auctioneer fixes up his rostrum in the best vacant position, and following the example of the steamship companies hoists a distinctively coloured flag at the end of a tall bamboo cane, every separate disciple of the mallet being

easily recognised at a distance by his particular flag. Here it is a case of quick bidding and no credit. When I came to South Africa I really thought we should be free from that infliction—the German band. False illusion. Even here on Kimberley square we get those fair round-faced Saxons distending their cheeks until they remind one of their favourite food, the sausage, and creating a mixture of sharps and flats, with a couple of braying blasts from the everlasting trombone thrown in, which does not remind one of that sublime “lost chord” which even Sir Arthur Sullivan has not yet refound. It was in Kimberley I proved the truth of the saying “It is a small world we live in.” I had not been long in the Grand Hotel before one of the upper servants respectfully introduced himself to me as one of my former employés, he having been in my service for two years some ten years ago. He said he could not refrain from enquiring after the many friends he left behind in our warehouse. It was certainly a matter of satisfaction to me that time and distance had not effaced from this man’s memory the friends he had made in our employment. I could not but feel touched by his sincere regret when I recounted the list of those who had died since he had left us, for though he was in a subordinate position this did not prevent him from having a regard and respect for those in authority above him. I was pleased to hear he had by steady industry and thrift been able to save a respectable sum in case of rainy days. The price of commodities of every kind is excessively



high in Kimberley, and, in fact, everywhere at any distance from the coast in South Africa. Coppers are unknown; the smallest coin in use is the Scotchman's "thruppenny" piece. Any penny article in England is worth threepence here, and this coin is locally termed a "tickey." Should a purchase at any store amount to an odd penny in the pence column a couple of postage stamps are given as change for the balance of the "tickey." A "reputed" pint of Bass or Guinness costs a shilling, and champagne cannot be purchased under fifteen or seventeen shillings a bottle. No traveller can or ought to visit this colony on a tour without he is content to spend at least a hundred pounds per month. Railway fares are much more expensive than at home, and very little luggage is allowed to be carried free. Excess luggage from Cape Town to Kimberley would cost about fourpence per pound weight. Owing to the railway having now been carried on to Vryburg in British Bechuanaland, which is nearer Johannesburg and the Transvaal by fully one hundred miles, the through carrying trade to that country, all of which was enjoyed by Kimberley, has almost entirely gone, and a large industry and medium of trade has been lost to the town for ever. The amalgamation of the various diamond mines into the great monopoly, "The De Beers consolidated mine," has also had a disastrous effect upon the trade of the town, as the *raison d'être* of stock and share brokers has vanished, as well as the custom of the numerous white and black employés of the former competing mines. The natives are kept under lock and key in compounds, being

supplied with stores at a reasonable price by the De Beers Company, and are not allowed out in the town until their term of service has expired, when they generally return home to their native kraals some hundreds of miles away to spend their earnings among local traders. I am informed that the whole trade of Kimberley is not above one half what it was some four years ago, and is still on the decrease. An instance of this is exemplified by the value of house property. One of my friends here bought a freehold property a month or so since for £380, and he immediately let it at a rental of £120 per annum, on a three years' agreement. This appears a profitable investment with a vengeance, but with trade so depressed the people do not care to put their money into immoveable securities, which cannot be transferred from a stagnant locality to one where things are more lively. With a view to revive the broken fortunes of this unique little city some of the more energetic and leading spirits have formed a very strong committee, with the governor of the colony, Sir Henry Loch, as chairman, to promote an International Exhibition, and owing to the thoroughness of their earnestness, and the business like way in which they have set to work, the venture not only bids fair to be a complete success as an exhibition, but to bring about the chief aim of the executive, namely, a revival of trade in the town. I have taken several large commissions for goods of a higher class character than Kimberley has ever yet been able to dispose of, in view of the increased demand for better goods, which the exhibition is certain to

stimulate. It has been my pleasure to have met the prime movers of this enterprise during my stay, and I have been invited to join the Jury of Awards for the textile department, which invitation I accepted in the event of my being able to revisit South Africa next winter. The promoters of the Kimberley Exhibition are devoting as much zeal and energy to their task as would suffice for the creation of another palace of industry amongst the historic oaks of Kensington. The forty years during which progress has been marked since the erection of the first International Exhibition, have witnessed many a notable advance on the achievement of Albert the Good; but never one more notable for its element of undaunted courage and enterprise than this project of a "South African and International Exhibition" at Kimberley. No explanation is needed why the world should be invited to admire a vast collection of its products in London, in Paris, or in Berlin; for each of these cities is itself a great example of human enterprise, art, skill and wealth, and a large market for the disposal of its wares. Kimberley, on the other hand, has no art, little skill, no manufactories, and no market worth mentioning for the world's commodities of exchange. Of old, a thriving and restless mining town in which thousands of diggers and tens of thousands of the native labourers freely spent the money they had laboriously won from the soil. Kimberley has now shrunk into a suburb of the De Beer's Compounds, and its trade is a mere ghost of its ancient splendid prosperity.

The more praise is due to the men who have associated themselves in this design, for perhaps a temporary revival of the glory of the good old days, with the hope that the shaking of the bones may somehow bring back life and activity to their dry tissue. It is, of course, impossible for a company monopolising the whole diamond-mining industry to be as generous a supporter of trade as a multitude of independent diggers. And if a public mine were opened in the vicinity the resulting outbursts of trade would be no more than a flash in the pan; for a fall in the price of diamonds would kill the industry in private hands while only scotching the monopoly. The conditions alleged as investing Kimberley with a peculiar fitness for being chosen as the site of an exhibition are its world-wide renown as the centre of the diamond industry, and the geographical position whereby it is easily accessible from the several ports and principal towns of South Africa. As a diamond-mining centre Kimberley may indeed be regarded as occupying an unique position. The directors of the De Beers consolidated mines, and of other mining companies, are evincing a lively interest in the advancement of the exhibition, and have arranged with the executive to allow all visitors, who purchase one of the exhibition official catalogues, to visit their mines and compounds. Visitors may therefore safely rest assured they will leave Kimberley with their mental furniture considerably polished up. They will not only see how the diamond is won, but also the manner of its improvement from the rough and dull crystal into a gem fitted for a queen's diadem, flashing

light from every facet. Whether diamond-cutting can be established to any considerable extent as a permanent local industry is questionable ; but it will be an attractive feature in the show. Electricity is also to play an important part. Kimberley has been foremost in adopting the electric light for municipal, domestic, and mining purposes, and also for tram propulsion. Besides supplying the illumination of building and grounds and fountains, it is to serve for the demonstration of the advancement made in its mastery as a motive force. To this part of the exhibition directors of tramway and other carrying companies should be forcibly conducted. Promise is also made of a fine display of machinery in motion, for agricultural and mining purposes, and this feature may be expected to greatly interest the gold mining fraternity who have had small opportunity of comparing in considerable variety the mechanical aids, the right or wrong choice of which makes all the difference between profit and loss in low grade mining operations. There are classes, too, in which persons, not directly engaged in manufacture or production for commercial purposes, may find matter to interest them, and perhaps stimulate their energy. The collector of botanical specimens, and the naturalist will find a mine of wealth in the display set before them. The fine arts will receive particular attention. The committee undertake that the collection of pictures shown shall beat all records in South Africa, several large English collectors having promised to loan their treasures. The textile fabric department also

promises, as in most recent international exhibitions, to be a very large and representative one. Most of our large English manufacturers have already applied for, and received allotments of space within the building. The attractions to the grounds will be the decorated gardens and illuminations, which the respective committees have agreed to, and whilst viewing the different entertainments, there will be the attractive cafés where refreshments of all kinds will be supplied to the public. In order to induce people to come here, there has been a small committee appointed, assisted by two doctors, who will communicate with all those who at present have hotels and other accommodation in Kimberley, and get a return as to the accommodation they can provide, and will have that accommodation carefully enquired into, and see that all sanitary arrangements are in perfect order. If the present accommodation be insufficient to meet the probable wants of visitors, it will be made public, and private enterprise will be invited to come forward and arrange for further accommodation being provided. The exhibition is to be opened next September, and I hope a rich and lasting benefit may accrue to Kimberley ; but however this may be, the committee, composed of the best business men in the colony, is evidently resolved that the exhibition itself shall be successful beyond precedent in South Africa. The sympathy of colonists insures it against disappointment, so far as co-operation on this side of the water can do so ; the London committee will, I hope, fan the flame of competition

in European manufactures. In order to encourage the latter the executive have made arrangements by which all goods intended for exhibition will be conveyed free of all charges of carriage, freight, and duty from London into the exhibition grounds, and also returned free of all expense and charges to London at its close. Any goods exhibited and sold here will, of course, have to pay both freight and carriage one way, in addition to the duty. By this arrangement any manufacturer who is unsuccessful in disposing of his exhibit in the colony will receive his goods again in London without being at a heavy loss for transit. I am sure all classes of the community will wish every success to this plucky enterprise of Britain's sons beyond the seas.

As regards Kimberley as a health resort, it has my almost unqualified recommendation. The air is beautifully pure, bracing, and very dry. Although the thermometer registered 95 degrees in the shade, and 115 in the sun, yet the heat was in no way oppressive. There seems to be a bracing atmosphere always in evidence in the high interior of South Africa, be the heat ever so great. The lungs always seem to be fully satisfied with the amount of air-food they obtain. I derived immense benefit by my stay here of a fortnight. The dryness of the atmosphere seemed to dry up all the superfluous moisture of the bronchial tubes and lungs, reducing my vexing cough almost to annihilation point. The only one drawback to Kimberley is the dust-storms, which sometimes sweep over the town with considerable violence; but.

these are not to be compared to those which render Cape Town so undesirable a residence for invalids. These occasional drawbacks are easily to be avoided by remaining indoors whilst they last, which is seldom more than a few hours. The hotel accommodation is excellent, and leaves nothing to be desired. At the Grand Hotel, where we stayed, the sanitation is perfect. Mr. Petersen, the proprietor, is indefatigable in his efforts to study the comfort and requirements of his visitors. Each individual guest's tastes are carefully studied, and I cheerfully bear witness to the home comforts provided in this hotel for both the hale and the delicate. So far this is a long way the best house I have yet found in the colony, and it was with great regret we parted from our agreeable and courteous host when we started for Bloemfontein at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, January 27th, with the prospect of a twenty-six hours' railway journey, and scarcity of even ill-cooked food *en route*.





## CHAPTER VII.

### *Work and Wages.*

**H**AVING now been sufficiently long resident in Cape Colony to be able to form a fair judgment upon the question of work and wages, and having made exhaustive enquiries of some of the largest employers of labour with whom I am personally acquainted, I think a cautious and careful report upon this subject would be of great interest to many of your readers among the working classes, whose means of subsistence at home grow daily less, and who are now wistfully turning their attention to this land of promise, where high wages and constant employment seem to offer an inducement to emigration. The result of my experience and enquires encourages me to give the following opinion for what it is worth. Before any man breaks up his home in England, he should examine the question in all its various phases. At the present time there is plenty of employment offering for thoroughly efficient mechanics, men who are really masters of their trade, industrious, sober, and not afraid of roughing it a little. Builders, masons, carpenters and joiners, smiths and working engineers can readily obtain good situations at

high wages. In the colony and Bloemfontein (Orange Free State) master masons and carpenters can get from 20s. to 25s. per day, and this rate applies to most other branches of technical labour. Domestic servants command from £8 to £7 per month with all found, in Kimberley, but would not find it so easy to get employment in Bloemfontein, as the residents are mostly Dutch, and the English families not being on the whole so wealthy as those in Cape Colony, employ natives. Against these advantages, one has to set down the greatly increased cost of every commodity. The cost of living in any part of South Africa is at least twice, and more often three times what it is at home. Meat is cheap, prime joints being sold at about 7d. per pound., but there is more waste with it which brings the price up a little higher. Travelling of course is very expensive, the distances being so great, but with the present advance of the railway to Mafeking in British Bechuanaland, and to Johannesburg in the Transvaal, plenty of new districts are being opened up that promise more employment than there are hands to accept. In Johannesburg a thoroughly efficient mechanic can get from 80s. to 40s. per day with cost of living three times dearer than in England. There is no chance or opening of any sort here for clerks or ordinary unskilled labourers. For these the market is overstocked. All unskilled labour is worked by the natives, who only receive about 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. daily wages. They are dear at that, for in spite of the ravings of the dear kind souls at Exeter Hall (who would be better employed if they would

mind their own business, and look after the poor at home, who ought to receive their first attention), they are a lazy, dirty, lying lot, whose great antipathy is work of any kind, however light and easy it may be. Assistants in shops can always obtain employment if provided with undeniable and good references, but I should advise them to obtain a situation through the London buyers and agents of the local houses before leaving home. Tailors and seamstresses can get work for the mere asking. Here is a wide field for the unemployed in this trade. I have been requested by a large firm in Cape Town to obtain for them twelve or fourteen good hands from England. I quote the prices they are willing to pay, together with a promise of constant employment :—


For making cloth jackets .. ..	18s 6d to 14s. 6d. each.
„ „ morning coats .. ..	14s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. „
„ „ frock and dress coats .. ..	20s. to 22s. „
„ „ vests .. ..	4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. „
„ „ best black vests .. ..	6s. „

Were some of the victims of the sweater's den to see these figures I fancy my commission would soon be fulfilled.

In writing on the subject of wages and labour, I emphatically refuse the responsibility of advising any man or woman to emigrate, each must judge for himself or herself, and take the consequences of the decision for good or evil. My only object in writing is an absorbing interest in the welfare of my labouring fellow man, whose interests I am always anxious to promote, and trust these remarks may be of service to not a few of those who toil in our over-crowded labour market.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Bloemfontein.*

HE journey by rail from Kimberley to Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State, is about 396 miles, and occupies twenty-six hours.

It is a roundabout route, describing three sides of a parallelogram. The two towns are only eighty miles apart in a direct line, but there is no line of railway other than that to Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, so that nearly one-third of the journey runs back towards the southern coast line, all of which distance has to be retraced in an oblique direction northwards. I do not think there are any two towns in the world connected by rail that are so near together and yet so far apart. Of course one can drive the distance in about eighteen hours, but accommodation *en route* is of such an indifferent nature that only the most hardy would choose this means of travelling. One great complaint I must make as regards the Cape Government railway system, and that is the snail's pace at which they travel, and the time wasted by the officials at every stopping place. Time with these gentlemen seems to be of no account whatever; they seem to be very friendly among themselves, and delight in a

family chat at each station. One would almost fancy they were a party of ladies discussing their favourite topics, "Babies and Bonnets." The impatient traveller's convenience is not at all studied in these social gatherings of the platform. It cannot be expected that trains here can be driven at anything like the rate they can at home; that is not my argument, for with steep gradients and sharp curves on a narrow gauge a high rate of speed is out of the question, but I do contend that a mean speed of twenty-five miles per hour could be attained without the slightest fear of accident. When Sir Henry Loch recently travelled from Cape Town to Kimberley his train was accelerated by several hours, as compared with the fastest train on the line which carries the mails, and it is not likely they would run any risk with Her Majesty's representative, the Governor of the Colony. No doubt in time these things will receive better attention, for the colonists are not men given to slumber where convenience and comfort are at stake. Certainly our journey, on the whole, was a very pleasant one. We were fortunate in our travelling companion, who happened to be the Postmaster-General of the Transvaal. It was to me quite a happy meeting, for here I could find an authority upon the political affairs of the Transvaal, past and present. This gentleman, Mr. Van Alpen, is a typical Boer of the higher class. He was born in Holland, and emigrated with his parents at the age of five years, and has lived in the Transvaal ever since. He was one of the active spirits against us in the Transvaal war, and strongly

corroborated all I have written in these articles on this subject. He assured me that Mr. Gladstone's speech in opposition encouraged the Boers in their rebellion against Great Britain, and when he definitely refused to fulfil his promises at the interview with Paul Kruger and General Joubert, the Boers were stung into active and open rebellion. Mr. Van Alpen assured me that had it not been for Mr. Gladstone's encouragement of their desire for independence during his Midlothian campaign, and then his complete change round as soon as he got into power, the Transvaal would have remained British territory for all time. "Of course," said Mr. Van Alpen, "we rejoice to think we had Mr. Gladstone to deal with, for his mismanagement of the whole question was our salvation. To think the great British Army which we feared would swallow us up should receive such a severe thrashing from a small party of farmers passes all comprehension, and we Transvaalers all regard the victory of our arms as a direct interposition of providence."

I am perfectly sure that were any broad-minded Liberals to come out here and see the disastrous effects of their party's past colonial and foreign policy, the disgust they would experience would either induce them to forswear all politics, or on this one point become Tories. The bitter animosity of the Boers to the English, and everything connected with Great Britain, is fast disappearing. Mr. Van Alpen assured me that he could speak for all the present members of the Government in expressing the desire that past friction should be buried and forgotten,

and in future, English statesmen would be more straightforward, saying what they really mean, and acting up to their pledges, avoiding the jugglery of prostituting foreign affairs and difficulties to a mere political expediency of catching votes at home.

After a very slow but pleasant journey through almost endless tracks of "veld," we at last sighted Bloemfontein Station and town, which was easily distinguished at some distance by the large collection of trees round the little city. In South Africa the presence of a habitation or a village can always be detected by the clumps of trees, for scarcely anywhere else, in all this wild tract of country, can one find more than two or three trees together in any one place. There is no Custom's examination of baggage or goods on entering the Orange Free State from any British colony, this Government being a member of the South African Customs Union. This is one sure step towards the dream of South African Federation, which one day will undoubtedly become an actual fact. The Cape Government collect most of the duties on goods due to the Free State, at either Port Elizabeth or Cape Town, and receive a certain amount for their services. This is easily arranged by the fact that goods can only be cleared through the Cape Custom's Offices on the production of the invoices for the same; all duties being *ad valorem*. We were met on arrival by an old friend whom I have known since my emancipation from the school desk, but not seen for many a long year. He, like myself, has had to seek health away from the moist inclement climate of

England, and being, unfortunately, a great deal worse than I trust I shall ever be, has been compelled to make his home here, and has thus, I honestly believe, saved his life for many a long year of usefulness to his fellow townsmen and family. At his pressing invitation we gladly accepted the hospitality of his pretty and comfortable home in this *very English* Dutch town. A pretty one-storey house, long, deep and broad, with good airy rooms built in the bungalow style, with a nice square-shaped garden in the rear, well shaded by acacia trees, and bounded on one side by the handsome town hall. One had only to enter this pretty little residence to at once perceive that it was quite English in taste and comfort as well as cleanliness. It is very difficult to keep dirt and dust out of one's abode in South Africa, but the English residents with their inbred love of order, and antipathy to dirt of any kind, manage to present the stranger with a surprise in this direction, as compared with the local hotels. What a treat it is to sit down once more with old friends to a real English meal, to get meat that is perfectly cooked and really tender. The prevailing fault of the hotel proprietors in this country is that they will not hang their meat sufficiently, but cook it almost as soon as killed, and one cannot be surprised at hearing complaints of the commissariat department.

It will be many a long day before I shall forget the kind hospitality we enjoyed with our friend, Mr. Alfred Baker, at Bloemfontein.

One of the first things we had to do on arrival was that



everlasting unpacking. I am very fond of travel, and regard the experiences gained in many lands to be the highest part of a man's mature education, but one thing I do detest and that is the continual packing and unpacking of one's effects. I saw a very pretty skit in a Cape paper on this subject with regard to a well-known recent visitor, and though the rhyme may be somewhat amateurish yet it is very true to facts.

He travelled all through Africa, and expeditions led,  
To hunt the lion in his lair, the tiger in his bed ;  
To get from natives iv'ry tusks and give them beads instead,  
And his name was known to all folks far and wide.  
He could tell you where the North Pole in its secret regions lay ;  
Explain the reason why the night was darker than the day ;  
But he couldn't find his collars which his wife had packed away  
Though he tried and tried and tried and tried all day.

We were conducted through the town and shewn the various objects of interest by our host, who had recently been elected a member of the town council, which, like everything else in Bloemfontein, whilst remaining essentially Dutch, is at the same time *very English*, and far in advance of its neighbouring Republic—The Transvaal.

The railway station lies to the extreme east of the town, together with several houses for the railway staff and many stores, workshops, and other buildings, all of which were built by the Cape Government. When the foundation stone of the station was laid, it was quite outside the town, but this has all been altered by the natural increase of the place and now it is, to all intents and purposes, an integral part of the town. Maitland

Street, with the Government buildings at the one end, and the fine railway station at the other, planted along both its sides, more or less regularly, with fine trees is a noble avenue of shops and private houses. The population is about 2,800 whites, and 1,400 blacks, a small number truly for the capital of so large a tract of country as the Orange Free State, and it must be admitted that it is hardly equal to the importance of the place. The great drawback hitherto has been the cost of living. A cabbage or cauliflower only three years ago would fetch 3s., butter has been 3s. and 4s. per lb., and everything else in proportion; but the iron horse has altered all that, and at the present time the cost of living is about two and a half times higher than in England. Pence are unknown here, and are never seen, the smallest coin being the three-penny piece. Manufactories Bloemfontein does not possess. Indeed, the artizan class hitherto has been too small to do the work required of it, and skilled mechanics are always in demand, and can always depend upon regular employment. The industrial classes are so small that there is little hope for years to come of finding sufficient people who will be able and willing to do the necessary work incidental to town life. The cost of living drives away all the lazy indolent drone bees who are not earning wages, the consequence is that the poorer classes, generally found in all large towns at home, are here conspicuous by their absence. During all my stay in the Cape I have only once seen a beggar, and he must have been a vagabond, as no honest healthy man need want a day's work of some kind in this country. At

the present moment there are very few youths offering as apprentices to the various trades carried on in the town. Employers of labour have, therefore, to pay journeymen to do the work usually done in other countries by apprentices and "improvers." At present labourers are in demand, and there is no doubt that should there ever be a surplus population some manufacturing industries will crop up for them. As a health resort, Bloemfontein has long been justly famous. The light dry atmosphere and equable climate make it peculiarly well suited to consumptive patients, and especially to those who have an hereditary tendency to chest disease, but who are not yet badly affected. Many such have derived great benefit by sojourning in this town for a time. It is about six thousand feet above sea-level, and has a clear, bracing, yet deliciously, balmy, air. Unfortunately, we arrived at the commencement of the rainy season, which generally lasts during the whole of February and part of March, but as a rule the rainfall is not continuous, being broken by several days of fine, settled weather. As a winter health resort it is the very finest in South Africa. Here the winter is perfectly dry, with scarcely a rain-cloud ever to be seen on the pure blue horizon. We were unfortunate with our weather, as during our stay it was unusually wet, but with it all I derived a marked improvement in health, and have no hesitation in recommending Bloemfontein to sufferers from delicate lungs. Many lives might be saved by a six months' stay at this very pretty and really lively little

town, but it is worse than useless for those in advanced stages of phthisis to attempt the journey here except by very easy stages. Although the railway brings the invalid up from Port Elizabeth in about thirty hours, yet the fatigue is far too great except for those in moderately good health. On the whole, I do not think anyone could improve on my own tour, and I would recommend the more delicate to spend their first week in South Africa near Cape Town, at Coghill's Hotel, Wynberg, which is a suburb about eight miles from the City, and easily reached by rail. This would provide a rest after the voyage, and prepare the patient for an inland residence. I would then take train to Matjesfontein, securing rooms at least one week previously of Mr. Logan (for his place is always full), and make a sojourn of at least one month, which ought to improve the health by at least fifty per cent. I would then trek to Bloemfontein, and remain the rest of the time I had at disposal. From practical experience, which has been confirmed by all the invalids I have met here, I feel assured a better and more judicious trip could not be recommended. At any time it would always afford me the greatest pleasure to give every information to intending visitors, and as I do not often travel with my eyes and ears shut, my knowledge, though it may be imperfect, cannot be altogether erroneous. It would be the height of folly to plunge the phthisical patient, fresh from a sea voyage, where there is always more or less moisture in the atmosphere, into such a dry, exhilarating climate as this. I am no doctor, but common sense tells

one that so violent a change would do more harm than good, and for that reason the change should be gradually made by easy stages, such as the programme I have sketched provides. The very best accommodation is provided for strangers visiting the town in the large and well-conducted hotels, the best of which are undoubtedly "The Free State," and "The Phoenix," which are household words in the Colony. There are nine hotels and many private boarding houses, some of which are most comfortable, and offer every home comfort. The charges of the latter are from £8 to £12 per month. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker are well represented here. Large wholesale stores, fine drapers' shops, and fancy goods warehouses, as well as numerous retail stores, where nearly everything can be procured in Bloemfontein. The only fault I find with some of these as compared with those at Cape Town and Kimberley is that they do not seem to keep the best quality of goods. Many friends of mine here grumble at this lack of enterprise on the part of the shopkeepers, and in consequence a great deal of trade which should be confined to the town goes to Port Elizabeth. Bloemfontein cannot be said to lack professional men, for there are not a few doctors, and several barristers, solicitors, and notaries, as the High Court holds its sessions in the town. The private residences of the citizens are substantial, and some exhibit in their construction a certain amount of architectural skill. Many of them, like that of my host, are esconced in gardens and orchards. The appearance of the town from

a distance is picturesque. Indeed, now that there is a fair supply of water, tree planting is being more extensively carried on than formerly, and gardens are being made in all directions. Bloemfontein is certainly one of the prettiest, neatest, and cleanest looking towns in South Africa, and is now acknowledged to be the healthiest in the continent. The affairs of the town are managed by a municipality, and the members of the town council being principally those who are the largest ratepayers, rates and taxes are kept down with a strong hand. The wasteful expenditure of school boards is unknown here, from the very fact that those who have the keeping of the public purse are the men who fill it. The total income from rates is only £950, but the market produces an annual income of upwards of £2,000 per annum. All produce is sold in the public market place by auction, a percentage on the sales being deducted as toll. This method eases the burden of taxation, and I do not think a more contented community could be found than that of this pretty little Free State town. During our sojourn here, we have had plenty of riding. The horses are small, but very strong and full of spirit. The beautiful grass veldt which extends for hundreds of miles affords a most enjoyable ground for a canter, the only drawback so far having been the frequent showers.

Only the other day I and a lady companion were caught in one of these South African deluges. A fire hose is not in it with these rains. "Showers" people call them, but they are more like the ocean falling upon one in a heap.

I had, fortunately, taken the precaution before leaving England of having all my outfit in the way of suits made from the "rain but not air proof" cloth, and certainly on this occasion was somewhat sceptical as to the "rain proof" qualities of this new invention, but to my agreeable surprise it not only stood the test of riding at full gallop for an hour and a half in the heaviest rain I ever yet saw, without admitting a single drop of wet at the seams of my clothing, but, on my return home, not the slightest evidence of moisture of any kind could be detected on the inside of the coat or vest. My riding breeches, which I had made in Cape Town, of ordinary thick cotton cord, were saturated, and my nether garments were simply soaked. The difference between the "rain proof" coat and vest and the ordinary cloth of my breeches was as great as between a dry sheet and a sheet in the washtub. After this experience I will never wear any other cloth than the "rain proof." My lady friend, of course, was wet through to the skin, but after seeing the result of the rain repellant cloth of which my coat was made, declares she will have her next habit made of this material.

The best of this "rain proof" cloth is that whilst quite waterproof it is absolutely porous, and allows the perspiration of the body to escape just as in the case of any ordinary woollen material. It is not air proof, and in fact so manufactured that one can breathe through it quite easily. The cost is scarcely more than that of the ordinary kind, and it can be obtained in every conceivable

make and texture from Messrs. Dore and Son, tailors, King William Street, London. For all whose occupation takes them much into the open air, such an invention is invaluable. I have recommended it to scores of people here, who are all eager to get the material, and I feel convinced in my own mind that, in the words of an old advertisement, "once tried" it will be case of "always used."

Whilst in Bloemfontein I received a copy of a Surrey newspaper, in which my views respecting the "Transvaal surrender" were severely criticised, and strange to say, by the same mail a friend also sent me a copy of the *Strand Magazine*, in which no less an authority than Mr. Rider Haggard is quoted in support of my statements. As everyone out here knows, in fact it is a matter of common knowledge, Mr. Rider Haggard left South Africa from simple disgust at England's mismanagement of the sad Transvaal war. It was too hot for any Englishman to remain in any town near the borders. I have personally met gentlemen who lost their all through having to fly the borderland at the conclusion of peace, owing to the constant insults, and even personal violence, they received at the hands of the victorious Boers. As regards the veracity of my description of the political incidents which led to and culminated in the "Transvaal surrender," I can only refer to history. All the facts I have stated are historical, and in this instance, as in all others, I did not write without having first verified them on incontestable authority. As to my condemnation of



England's action through her then existing Government, I see no reason to alter my opinion in a single instance, and must respectfully claim that respect for my individual honest convictions, which I am always ready and prompt to give to others from whom I may most strongly differ. Facts are stubborn things, and historical facts which are recorded by actual experience are incontrovertible. In "A Trip to South Africa" it is not my intention to economise truth for the sake of pleasing any. Were I to write with the intention of playing up to the wishes of all my labours would, to say the least, be dishonest, and a perversion of truth. As far as my imperfect ability will allow, I am writing South Africa as she is, not as we would all like to see her. There are many authors who make it a point to write up everything they see; such testimony as to the character of a country is in my eyes worse than valueless, because it is untrue and misleading. If I offend any by portraying this colony and its history as I find it, I am sorry and regret so doing; but even for their sakes I cannot write what I do not find, neither will I prostitute my pen by palliating and condoning the faults of our legislators and statesmen. To write honestly one cannot expect to please all, and I see no reason to imitate the miller and his donkey in *Æsop's* fable. Any broad-minded man will, I think, admit that history goes a long way in justification of my view of the Transvaal disaster, and I can add one more testimony in support of my contention that the action of the Liberal Cabinet was strongly condemned, not

on that subject alone, but in its general dealings with South Africa. Mr. Murray, the editor of the largest newspaper published in the colony, *The Cape Times*, writes the following in a letter recently received from England, where he has gone on a visit :—

“ Lord Carrington would have the present Government swept away ; he would give Home Rule to Ireland ; he would not permit the colonies to be burdened with taxation for their own defence. I think the colonies as a whole will disagree with him in every particular. Certainly on the question of self-defence they are quite prepared, as they grow in prosperity, to share what is their fair burden. What Lord Carrington means by Home Rule nobody can conceive, for he has not even told us himself what he means. All the colonies having self-governing facilities will be glad to think that Ireland is governed according to its requirements and to its interests, but the colonies have not yet learned that England is ungenerous to her colonies, and she has given them, as they have grown in strength, those powers of self-government which they have required. On that subject I do not propose to enter, but *I do protest*, as a South African, against the sneering tone in which Lord Carrington has dealt with the Salisbury Government in respect to the Government's South African policy. Lord Carrington tells us the Government of Lord Salisbury must be swept away. It may be in the changes which the British electorate like in their form of government that Lord Salisbury's Ministry at the next election will have to

give way to another Government, but this I may tell Lord Carrington, that whether swept away or not the memory of the *firm colonial policy* which they have adopted will not be swept away from the memories of the colonists."

Lately the Cape Government has come to a very sensible understanding on the question of universal time. In America recently a determined attempt was made to deal with the admitted need of one universal notification of time. Our cousins accepted the meridian of Greenwich, but in that country of long distances, where trains run across tracks of four hours in longitude, it was decided to change the time each hour, that is to say the seconds and the minutes on all the clocks remained as they were, but at certain places watches differed by an hour. It was sought to introduce that system all over the world, and the Cape Colony has gone in the right direction by deciding that on and after February 8th time shall be reckoned by meridian  $22\frac{1}{2}$ . Consequently, we have all had to put our watches on some sixteen minutes. To travellers this is a great boon, for we know the vexation of having continually to alter our watches every few hours when travelling through different states on the continent of Europe. To give some idea of the value of the Transvaal as regards its mineral wealth, I see that during 1891 nearly £2,500,000 worth of gold from that country was shipped to Europe, whilst Natal, our own colony, sent only £114,368 worth during the same period. To those who are interested in church work and missionary effort, I can give a little information with regard to South

Africa which may be of interest to them. A religious census has just been published, which is most interesting reading, and gives a great insight into the Christianising work that is going on in this colony, from which some interesting conclusions may be drawn. These returns show the distribution of the various sects by race. The Dutch Reformed Church authorities will point with just pride to the preponderance of the number of their membership, though it may be questioned whether from a church point of view the proportion of European membership is creditable to the church, although to an outsider the church consisting mainly of Europeans is a far stronger body than one which can count so many thousand native converts. Is it not a remarkable thing that the Dutch Reformed Church, which has been in this country for two centuries, and has had all the influence which an Established Church has in Europe, should now be able to muster only 75,000 members amongst all the coloured races, while the English Church has 70,000 coloured members, the Wesleyans 87,000, the Independents 67,000, and so on? The explanation, I believe, is mainly that, while the English and Wesleyan Churches have looked to Kaffirland as their richest field, the Dutch Reformed Church has never attempted missionary work upon any scale worth considering.

It has cared for the Hottentots and off-coloured people at its own doors by a system of mission churches suitable to the people, leaving the main body of the church a white man's church; but Kaffirland it has left alone. A word

may be added as to the great total of the Dutch Reformed Church. The figures should dispel the fears of those divines who occasionally cry "Ichabod" from the pulpit. The young people may attend the services of the Anglican or Wesleyan Churches for the sake of the language and the modern music, but at census time they stick to the church of their fathers, and in their heart still regard themselves as belonging to it. The figures for the churches are not to be taken as exhibiting the preference of the people for certain forms of faith, or the special suitability of any particular forms to the people of South Africa. The distribution of religious belief, as in most other colonies, has been determined by the accidents of the settlement. The London Missionary Society happened to be active in the days when the native question was a Hottentot question—hence the figures for the Congregational section. The settlers happened to have many Wesleyans among them, and so the Eastern Province has been largely Wesleyan, and Wesleyanism has spread to Kaffirland. There are very few Irish in the colony, and consequently the Roman Catholic Church is but moderately strong, though its 17,000 members form a very respectable number. A curiosity of the census is the existence of two "Malay Jews." What can they be? It certainly was a matter of surprise to me to find the Jews only number 8,000. The colony seems to swarm with them, and though many are eminently respectable people, their commercial morality as a whole has not kept up to the standard of their righteous and upright progenitor,

the "faithful Abraham." Probably the exodus to Johannesburg has in some measure thinned their numbers. The returns as to "no religion" are, of course, swamped by the Kaffir returns. It is not quite correct, after all, to say the Kaffir has no religion. If there were any considerable number of secularists in the colony the question might be of importance, but there are not. I am thankful to record that in leaving their fatherland neither the English nor the Dutch left their religion behind them, but preserved their faith as their most precious inheritance, and this is strikingly noticeable in their upright, honest, commercial life and dealings. As a matter of fact everybody seems most comfortably provided with a religion in this country, and the living up to it will favourably compare with any community in the world.

We were conducted over the new Free State House of Parliament, the "Radsaal," now in process of erection, by the architect. When completed, this will be the finest building in South Africa outside the English colonies. It is built of red bricks with white stone dressing, the greater part of the materials being imported from England. I really think, that in gauging the commercial greatness of Great Britain and the enormous magnitude of her trade, one can only obtain an adequate opinion by travelling through our colonies, and being an eye witness of the millions of tons of merchandise the mother country exports year after year to each one of them. We at home do not half grasp the value of our "greater empire" beyond the sea to us and to our working population as a means

of finding employment for them in the manufacture of goods. Wherever one goes in this country, English goods are prominent in every town, village, and hamlet. The colonists are more patriotic than we are, and in every case give the preference to English manufacturers rather than to those made in alien countries. On Tuesday, 9th February, a party of English residents at Bloemfontein gave us an invitation to join them in a picnic to Modder River, some seven miles distant. We had a Cape cart, and four horses to convey three ladies, the gentlemen and one lady preferring to ride horseback. All went well until we entered a thick wood of prickly mimosa trees; here the single lady and one gentleman got separated from the party and for a time lost. It was rather exciting work to follow their "spoor," or track, on the soft turf in and out these bushes for some few miles, and far from pleasant to get probed by a thorn some three inches long every minute. However, at last they were overtaken and brought back, where they were duly cautioned against the sin of elopement without permission from headquarters. Arrived at our destination we found a beautifully wooded country, which led down to the muddiest river I have ever seen. This "Modder," or Mud River, is one of the main streams of this part of Africa, and flows downwards to the sea on the west coast, through the main artery of the broad, long Orange River, affording plentiful irrigation throughout its many windings towards the coast. We had no sooner safely helped the last lady out of the Cape cart than, without warning, the four horses bolted, but their

career was a short one, as almost immediately the vehicle came into collision with a tree and capsized, being badly smashed in its fall. Fortunately most of our provisions had been unloaded, especially the liquids, or we might have been reduced to the state of St. John the Baptist and had to feed on the wild locusts, which were pretty numerous around us. We set the two Kaffir servants we had with us to repair the cart as best they could with string, rope, and spare harness, which took them some two hours or more. It was a narrow remove from a clean wreck. A clear shady grass plot having been found we turned to, and set our table on the beautiful green sward. I do not think many of us men would have obtained a waiter's situation by the skill—or rather want of skill—displayed on this occasion. At the same time hungry mortals, after a seven miles' ride in the pure exhilarating air of the Bloemfontein Veld, and a chase after a fair lady through pathless woods, are not disposed to grumble at trifles, when a plenteous meal is set before them. Full justice was done that day to the culinary powers of our hostess, and at about five o'clock we set to work each man to catch and saddle his own horse. This was not difficult, as we had knee-haltered them to graze at their pleasure close by. Then began the homeward ride, which was not without anxiety for the safety of those in the damaged cart. Once only we had to pull up and make a little alteration to the loading of it, as we found the broken pole under the body of the trap gradually giving way, but by a judicious displacement of the weight of the passengers and



luggage we managed to make it hold out until our return. A more lovely ground for a canter cannot be found than the Veld of the Orange Free State. One can ride for miles and miles upon the most lovely velvet pile turf, in which the horse literally revels, whilst the lungs are inflated with the purest air to be found upon this terrestrial globe. Nearly the whole of the English resident population are persons who have come out from time to time under medical advice on account of lung trouble, and many of these after having completely regained their health have settled down, and decline to run the risk of again living in such a trying climate as that of the old country. They have a terse and curious, yet very characteristic, term for all consumptive patients, and one which I would not have at any price. When introducing me one day to a lady, my friend said, "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Salter-Whiter, another poor 'lungy.' " "No, that won't do," I replied, "I am not a 'lungy,' my lungs are sound enough, it is only a cough that troubles me. 'Chronic bronchial catarrh,' the doctors call it." "Oh yes," said my friend, "'lungys' never have anything wrong with their lungs—in fact they are quite well, nothing the matter with them—oh, no, only a slight attack of indigestion, a little cough, which sometimes become a big cough; a want of appetite which causes loss of weight, and to be in fashion, 'chronic bronchial catarrh.' Yes, quite right, my friend, you have nothing wrong with you, only here we have no doctors, and don't put our friends off with platitudes, and cry peace when there is no peace.

We tell the truth, and dub you a 'lungy,' for a 'lungy' you are." Well, I felt quite vexed, for I won't believe it, and what is more, I don't mean to think it while I have a breath left. This friend of mine (who really is in consumption) seemed quite pleased to claim me as a fellow chum in misfortune, and though I am a feather of some ten stone nine pounds, I don't care to be called the equal in misfortune with some eight stone. With all and every respect to the fair sex, we know they have an objection for their true age to be published when they are on the shady side of thirty. I suppose man's weakness is not to be told and advertised that he has any physical failing, however true it may be. It is one of those things we would rather have left unsaid. At the same time, as an ardent believer in the doctrine that mind has a great power over matter, and the spirit over the body, it is a grand thing for all invalids to delude themselves and believe they are better than they really are, to persuade themselves into the belief that they really will in time pull through any illness. The chances of such a condition of mind are infinitely more favourable to eventual recovery than those of the peevish, selfish, and low-spirited sufferer, who always takes a pride in publishing on every possible occasion his or her ailments or weaknesses. It is with the latter as with the man in "Three men in a boat," who read a medical work at the British Museum right through, and when he got up from the table was perfectly sure he had every illness therein described, excepting a "housemaid's knee" and a "baby."

*Nil desperandum* ought to be the constant motto of every delicate person. Time, energy, and above all, plucky spirits, will, if not effect a positive cure, at least make an otherwise miserable life a happy one, and cheer one's friends instead of depressing them. The great topic of conversation during the past few weeks has been the sad news of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale's death. There have been columns of the newspapers full of his memoirs and the description of the funeral. Hundreds of telegrams have been dispatched from private individuals and public associations where the members have met and subscribed for the expense of a message to the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess May of Teck. No one can say that all this spontaneous outpouring of sympathy is merely conventional. It is certain that the sentiment of loyalty strikes deep, that it is a great vital force here in South Africa, and may yet exert a powerful influence on the destiny of the British Empire. The great heart of the British people in every clime beats warm beneath, perhaps, a cold exterior. To outward appearances it does sometimes seem that the great colonies are taking their own course without thought or care for the welfare or the purposes of Great Britain; but the death of the Prince of the Reigning House has proved that this divergence is only on the surface. In time of danger, as well as in the day of sorrow, the colonies will range themselves on the side of the Mother Land.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *Port Elizabeth.*

**W**E left Bloemfontein and our old friends there not very cheerfully, for we had enjoyed a short two weeks of restful enjoyment spent in congenial company. The distance to our next stopping place, Port Elizabeth, was only some 429 miles, yet these crawling railways occupy twenty-six hours in the run. Though life in South Africa is free, easy, and merry, the time spent on the Cape Government Railways must always be specially excepted. The time wasted by those in charge of the trains at every wayside, trumpery stopping place or siding, is particularly irritable to the traveller who wishes to end his journey, especially as the greater part is through an uninteresting and flat veld, where there is absolutely nothing on which to rest the eye except the telegraph poles. True, the carriages are splendidly fitted with every sleeping accommodation, but that is a poor recompense for a tedious waste of time in enforced idleness. We arrived at Port Elizabeth about half-past six o'clock next evening, and promptly drove to the Grand Hotel with ravenous appetites, just in time for dinner. Port Elizabeth is the Liverpool of South

Africa, and undoubtedly the largest shipping port in our South African colonies, being the distributing town for merchandise to all parts of the interior. It is situate in a deep bay, named Algoa Bay, the sands of which, like those at Cape Town, are silvery white, but the elevation of this port is not to be compared to the Queen of the South. It has no beautiful majestic background of mountains protecting it from possible foes without, like the guardian angel of Table Mountain protects Cape Town. It possesses no docks or breakwater, but two small insignificant jetties do service for the landing of merchandise from the tenders and lighters, which are the only means of transit from the ocean steamers, which always anchor in the bay, and the shore, viewed from the deck of an incoming ship, seems one of the most parched, sun-scorched places on earth. No trees grow until the top of the small hill behind the town is reached, but here the verdure is most luxuriant. The mercantile portion is situate from the sea shore lengthwise until the rise of the hill commences, and consists of one principal street, in which one finds the whole business quarter of the town. This "Main street" is two miles long, and accommodated with a tramway. Port Elizabeth is a separate electoral and fiscal division, returning its own members to the Cape Parliament. There are some very good and beautiful farms along the coast. It is a port with a steadily increasing trade with the back country, and contains far more wholesale warehouses than any other town in the colony, though the number and size of the retail

establishments are less imposing than those in Cape Town. Landing of goods is speedily effected at the two jetties by means of steam cranes, and a railway on each connected with the main trunk line. Nearly the whole of the trade with the midland districts, the Free State, and much of that of the Diamond Fields and the interior, passes through Port Elizabeth. The inhabitants are noted for their enterprise and business energy and their town contains many very fine public buildings. To a stranger the principal feature undoubtedly is one great "Main street," remarkable for its length and general perspective of magnificent buildings, shops, stores, churches and warehouses. In face of formidable difficulties three fine parks—St. George's, Prince Alfred's, and Victoria—have been laid out and planted with shrubs. The "Hill," or upper part of the town, is the fashionable quarter where the wealthier inhabitants have their residences overlooking the expansive bay. Here, as in Cape Town, from October to March, the prevailing winds are south-easterly, which blow right into Algoa Bay, laden with saline moisture, accompanied by a high temperature, and charged, as usual in South Africa, with that everlasting irritating dust which is perfectly blinding. These winds and the climatic influences they bear are incompatible with the health and comfort of a "lungy," or any who, like I, have nothing the matter with them—oh! no, only chronic bronchial catarrh, or any other fashionable sounding phraseology. My previous experience is emphasised and confirmed. Invalids should always

avoid the coast in this country, and spend all their time up country, where there is no moisture for the strongest breezes to carry with them, and where the soil is too heavy to rise in the clouds of dust always prevalent on the coast. The dust plague could be avoided if the municipal authorities would provide sufficient water-carts, and have the streets and roads watered at least three times a day. In Cape Town this is done once only, early in the morning. In Port Elizabeth, Bumble never allows the parochial watering-can to be used at all, so the dust fiend has his own sweet will, and rages o'er the city with maddening glee, to the terror of those with weak respiratory organs. It puzzles me beyond reason to think how an enterprising and energetic people like these colonists can allow their finest cities to remain under the curse and shame of such an affliction, when the expenditure of at most five hundred pounds per annum would relieve them and their visitors from this scourge. What would our Surrey towns be like in a high wind if we never watered our streets? And yet there is more latent dust here in South Africa than there is in Surrey, but how can one with any brains expect an absence of dust storms with a continual sun baking the ground for months without a single shower of rain or water of any sort to moisten the parched ground over which traffic is constantly passing. We were conducted over the Town Hall by the Mayor, and shown the principal objects of interest. It is a very fine building, stately and commodious, and is adorned towards the market square

with a handsome portico of Corinthian pillars ; it cost £26,000, and is the most striking building in the town. It contains a fine public room, which can be used as a banquet or ball room, or for public meetings, and will seat about six hundred people. There are the usual municipal offices, and a large council chamber, containing portraits of past mayors. On the first floor and part of the ground floor is the public library and reading room, which is equal to any of the kind I have ever seen in a town of similar proportions. The library is large and well stocked with books in every department of literature. In the market place there is a fine statue of the late Mr. John Paterson, one of the former members of the Legislative Assembly. Mr. Paterson came to this colony as a schoolmaster in 1841, and became one of the founders of its present system of education. He subsequently turned his attention to law, and then became a journalist. In each of these departments he succeeded, and at length became one of the principal men of the town, whose citizens erected this monument to his memory. There is frequently a good show of steamers at this port, but there has not often been such a noble fleet of them in the harbour as on Saturday morning, when we went down to see our young friend and protégé safely on board the *Mexican*, on his homeward voyage, his health having been perfectly restored by his trip with us, and his leave of absence expired. There was really a fine sight of both steamers and sailing ships. The steamers comprised the *Scot*, *Mexican*, *Arab*, *Syrian*, *Pembroke Castle*, *Beethoven*, *Beatrice*,



*Clan Ranald*, and *Chelydra*. Their gross tonnage was 80,145 tons, and they outnumbered the sailing vessels, of which there were only eight, their tonnage being 5,442. The presence of such a fine display of steamboats says much for the trade of this port, while it shows how keenly they are competing too with the sailing vessels, even for the conveyance of such heavy cargoes as coals and railway material, which formerly were conveyed by sailing vessels only. Like many other South African towns, Port Elizabeth has just now almost more people than it can comfortably accommodate. That is to say, houses are exceptionally scarce and rents high in proportion. Large families have to live in small houses from force of circumstances rather than from choice. Others, who would much prefer cottages of their own, are compelled to put up at hotels and boarding houses. The popular complaint is that houses cannot be obtained for love or money. The landlords are in clover just now, for I hear there is not a habitable cottage or villa in town or suburbs unoccupied at the present moment. And yet, although the scarcity of houses has been complained of for fully a year past, there is very little building going on. Were a syndicate formed to build a number of small comfortable villas on the hill in this town, it would reap a rich harvest. The Kimberley Exhibition is going on apace, and the success of the enterprise is now fully assured, the energetic executive having secured the services of Sir Frederick Leighton, the president of the Royal Academy, who will act as chairman of the fine arts committee.

Great regret is being generally expressed at the purile conduct of Natal, in declining to have anything to do with the sister colony's exhibition. The show is in no sense to be regarded as an advertisement for the Cape Colony only. It is going to be a South African affair pure and simple, to mark the progress made by this section of the British Empire, and to exhibit the local industries side by side with those of all other nations. Therefore, Natal's refusal to assist the committee in any way is not only a slight on the Cape, or a retaliation for the injury which Natal fancies the Cape is doing her trade, but rather in keeping with the policy of the sister colony not to act in unity with her neighbours. The Transvaal and Orange Free State have promised their co-operation. No doubt Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Mashonaland will contribute to the exhibits. Only in Natal, states Mr. T. W. Goodwin, the exhibition's representative, has he tried every possible means to get support, without avail. The refusal of the sister colony to aid the Exhibition Committee is to be regretted for every reason. It will still increase the present feeling of jealousy which exists between the two colonies, and for which there are only imaginary grounds, and the loss will be mostly her own. Visitors from all parts of the world will come out to South Africa to learn all that is to be learnt concerning the Cape, the Free State, and the Transvaal. They will be well informed on all South African subjects excepting those which relate to Natal. Such will be the effect of Natal's action, and it is greatly to be deplored that she should so act against her highest interests.

## CHAPTER X.

### *Grahamstown.*

**W**E left Port Elizabeth by rail on Saturday, February 27th, for Grahamstown, some 106 miles distant. The route during the whole journey is a gradual ascent through some of the prettiest scenery in South Africa. It is an eight hours' trip, on account of the many steep inclines, but the variety of landscape—hill and dale, sandy desert and luxuriously covered plain—greatly relieve the monotony of so slow a rate of speed. Some few miles after leaving the "Liverpool of Cape Colony," verdure began to appear in wide stretches of green grassy fields; rather an uncommon thing in the Cape. Ferns and flowering shrubs, aloes with their brilliant red blooms, the massive leaves of the cactus and prickly pear, great bunches of lilies of all kinds, and the waving plumes of the Iris, were among the charms of the first valley we passed. Then we came on to large vast plains of pasture land, thick bush and purple heather, bounded by range after range of mountains, blazing in the golden hues of the morning sun; the line always steadily ascending as it leaves the sea, and every moment bringing into view fresh beauties of nature. Game is abundant. Guinea

fowl, quails, partridges, hares, buck, pigeons, and even elephants, are often seen from the train on either side of the line. It was not many months since that the very train by which we were travelling was brought to a standstill to allow a herd of elephants time to get off the track upon which they had strayed. Ostriches abound and can be observed in every enclosure. These creatures, whose feathers form a large and important item in the export returns of the colony, as well as a source of wealth to the farmers of the district, seem wonderfully tame, and march with their majestic walk close to the scarcely more rapid iron horse. In years gone by, the ostrich was a creature of the chase, and was shot down for the sake of its downy wealth, but science and progress has taught its great enemy that there are more economical as well as more humane ways of obtaining the feathery spoil, than indiscriminate slaughter. Man has learnt the art of taming and domesticating the ostrich, whereby its extermination has been arrested. Now it is comparatively tame, very few wild birds ever being found. It is bought and sold in the local markets like ordinary cattle and poultry. The wild birds have been driven into the far interior, to the north of the Free State and Transvaal, where a system of trapping and slaughter still goes on, but within the colony the ostrich is bred, reared, herded and fed, the feathers not cruelly plucked out by the roots, but carefully cut off, avoiding weakening the bird, which the old barbarous method of plucking was found to do. Thus ostrich feathers, which enter largely into commerce

and modern human pride, pomp, and ceremony, are taken from the birds in humane and scientific ways. They are sorted according to size, quality, and colour, and sent to the markets, the principal of which is Port Elizabeth, in baskets and bundles, just as wool or mohair might be sent, and there sold by auction. Ostrich eggs are not sent to market as they are too valuable for consumption. They are mostly hatched by means of the mechanical incubator, though barren and spoilt eggs are blown and sold in bric-a-brac shops at prices ranging from ninepence to one shilling each. In travelling up through the beautiful scenery to Grahamstown, one cannot fail to notice the beautiful plumage of the birds that flit to and fro in the bright sunshine. Finches of all kinds, swifts, weaver birds, hawks of many species, as well as the lordly eagle, which, in the mountain passes, is quite common. I think one of the most lovely spots we passed was Alicedale. Its pretty sounding name is appropriate to its charms. It has the leafy luxuriance of our most beautiful Devonshire vales, the gorgeous hues of a Hertfordshire park studded with semi-tropical flowers, the rocky chasms and sparkling streams of Lynton, and the forest-covered hills of the Eifel Mountains in Germany. The railway gradually ascends through the forests—in which every description of vegetation abounds, where the golden-hued butterflies make their sport in the warm rays of the cloudless sun—to an altitude of some 2,800 feet. At its highest elevation we can see pretty little Alicedale nestling in a bower of green trees almost at our feet, and we descend by many

windings and sharp curves, with the pleasureable knowledge that our journey is nearing its destination. After leaving this pretty spot the country shakes off its more beautiful garments, and appears in the costume of rugged nature, very much like the wilds of Exmoor, with its "Tors" or African equivalent "Kopjes." Until within a few miles of Grahamstown very few trees are seen, but the soil is covered with fertile pasturage, a striking contrast in its barrenness to the tree-laden hills behind. As we approach it, however, Grahamstown appears a perfect replica of Alicedale magnified. The expanse of foliage is larger and more beautiful. The city has no mean aspect, and gives one a true and striking impression of its magnitude. The stately avenues of trees in all directions are an evidence that the traveller has at last arrived at a town of considerable importance in this part of Her Majesty's dominions. After doing the necessary with our luggage, we made our way, as per usual, by means of a Cape cart, to Wood's Hotel, by far the best in the town, thankful to get a good meal after an eight hours' journey, during which no refreshments of any kind could be obtained. Having now travelled 1,591 miles by railway in Cape Colony, I do unhesitatingly say, that the arrangements on the Cape Government Railways, for absolutely necessary refreshment, are abominably bad; in fact, were the authorities to try to make them so, they could not be worse. Hours are wasted by those in charge of the trains at wayside stations, where scarcely a passenger alights or joins the train; but not a spare twenty minutes is

allowed at a decent respectable station, where one might reasonably expect to get a meal. Even at those places marked in the official handbook as stations where refreshment can be obtained, the time is insufficient, and the provisions uneatable. These remarks do not apply to the refreshment bars under the management of Mr. Logan, of Matjesfontein, but his are few and far between, mostly at the terminus of one's journey. The best thing the Cape Government could do would be to hand over the "whole show" to Jimmy Logan, and let him contract for all refreshments over the system, making a specified arrangement to stop the trains for a reasonable time, to enable the passengers to obtain at least two meals in every twelve hours. As things are, railway travelling is not a happy experience in South Africa.

Grahamstown is certainly the prettiest and most intensely English town I have yet visited in the colony. Very like Bloemfontein, excepting that it is much larger, and has a greater wealth of vegetation. The streets are very broad, and well planted on each side with fine specimens of the blue gum or eucalyptus tree. It is one of those very super genteel places, where great pride and slender purses walk side by side. Were it not for the absence of any signs of antiquity, one could almost fancy oneself suddenly translated to some very proper and select small English cathedral town. English churches, chapels, and clergy abound. The Bishop is resident, and has deservedly gained a just and generous popularity. His cathedral is a building of which any large town at home

might be proud. The population of the place is about 8,000—nearly all whites. Very few blacks are seen about the town at all, as from its earliest existence it has always been the one entirely English town of the colony. There are a few fine shops in every department of trade, and the beauty and fashion of Grahamstown is a household expression in the Eastern Province. Everyone being fixed up in the latest styles from Bond Street to Piccadilly, they would be quite at home in the best West End clubs. The residences round the town are larger, and more substantial in appearance than any I have seen elsewhere, excepting at Cape Town. The place was once like Kimberley; in the days of gold and diamond booms very wealthy, but folk here, like others throughout the country, have been hard hit by over-speculation, and the fall in value of most South African securities. Grahamstown is deservedly famous for its scholastic establishments, and it is a locality in which the youth of the country may reside, without fear of being contaminated, by having to mix with Englishmen whom the old country cannot longer support within its borders. If Grahamstown has the character of being proud, cliquey, and stuck up, at anyrate it is a town deservedly popular for its purity, honesty, uprightness, and gentility. The streets are kept beautifully clean, but the absence of the water cart and the presence of the dust fiend is a characteristic of the place, as of all other Cape towns. The museum is well worth a visit, being far superior to any other in this colony, not so much on account of the value or antiquity



of its contents, but for the cleanliness in which it is kept, and the perfect methodical arrangement of the specimens, amongst which is the finest collection of South African fossils of any museum in the colony. The public and botanical gardens are beautifully situated amid fine scenery and pleasant grassy slopes just outside the town. They are well provided with woods and a stream of water, which, descending from the hills above, forms a succession of miniature lakes and falls, through luxuriant tropical foliage. The altitude of Grahamstown is about 1,750 feet above sea level, and though the atmosphere is dry and healthy, it cannot compete as a health resort with Craddock, Aliwal North, Bloemfontein, or the Karoo, though life would be more endurable here for a long sojourn than further up country, on account of home comforts and general amusement being more easily obtainable.

At the same time, with all its admitted attractions, I would not recommend Grahamstown for those troubled with chest complaints, because, when the south-east winds prevail, the air is very moist, cold, and treacherous. Influenza has been on the warpath here, as in other parts of South Africa, and I felt in anything but an amiable temper when I found this scourge had marked me out for one of its victims, especially as I intended leaving the next day *en route* for East London. Still, the poet writes: "Patience is a virtue, find it were you can; never in a woman, always in a man." (Which, by the way, ladies always contradict, and I think I have, perhaps, slightly

altered the original). So to act up to the quotation and save time I had medical advice and put up with my vexation and a bedroom for a couple of days, when the doctor kindly unfastened my prison doors and let me out. The complaint in this country is always in a mild form ; and the risks of catching cold upon it few, on account of the equable climate. Where a patient at home must of necessity stay in one room for a week, a similar case out here might with safety be allowed out of doors within four days from the commencement of the attack.

The principal trade of the district is in sheep and ostrich farming, the products of which have been steadily increasing year by year. Formerly the town did a large business in the native trade, but of late years this has been gradually absorbed by the larger King William's Town merchants.

Leaving Grahamstown early on Monday morning, 29th February, we had a pleasant journey back to Port Elizabeth. The other day I read a very humorous sketch of a traveller's experience in the "City of the Saints," which I repeat in his own words:—"One or two of our party (including myself) as soon as breakfast was over took a stroll about the town. By the manner of our conversation the inhabitants were not slow in discerning that we were strangers to the town, although perhaps not to the country, and on our part we were not long in discovering that although the good citizens may, on the whole, be a very pious and circumspect community, yet there are saints and saints (!), for on one of the party

going into a jeweller's shop to have a little job done in the way of repairing some damaged jewellery, the hoary saint remarked, 'Ah! strangers, I presume. Five shillings.' That was the charge for repairs. 'Not this time,' was all the reply vouchsafed to the imposter, and so, gathering up the trinkets, he wended his way to another establishment of the same kind on the opposite side of the street, presented the broken articles, and asked of the man behind the counter how much he would charge to effect the necessary repairs. 'From up country?' 'Oh, dear no, born and reared in the town,' was the ready reply. 'Let me see,' said the shopman, 'eighteenpence, please,' at which price the job was very well done. And so we soon discovered, in various other directions, where purchases had to be made, that the greater the stranger, the greater the price charged, thus keeping up the ancient custom of 'spoiling the Egyptians.' " Arrived at our destination we found that we were just in time to be too late to catch the *Dunottar Castle*, on the point of sailing for East London, our next port, so were compelled to take rooms again at our old comfortable quarters—the Grand Hotel. Here we had to wait in what contentment we could until the following Friday, as no mail or intermediate steamer was due. Certainly the splendid management and excellent cuisine of this hotel, combined with the absolute cleanliness in which it is kept, together with convivial company, greatly tended to take the edge off our impatience to get on, especially as the end of our travels out here is drawing nearer, and

home with all its comforts and friends, whose faces are ever clearly photographed on our memories, seem less and less distant as day by day passes by. News has at last arrived that the railway extension from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad is now open for passenger and goods traffic. Though this intelligence may seem at first sight of very second rate importance, yet to the whole of Cape Colony, and still more so to Great Britain, this onward movement of the locomotive towards the Transvaal Republic is a significant sign of the times commercially and politically. Hitherto, since the Transvaal secured its independence by feat of arms, that country has obstinately refused to allow any railway, connecting it with any British possession, to enter its territory, but early in the year the Cape Government at last succeeded, through Mr. Sievwright, in concluding an arrangement by which the existing line from Port Elizabeth should be carried right through to Pretoria and Johannesburg. On Saturday, February 22nd, the first train left Kroonstad for Bloemfontein and Port Elizabeth, conveying as a portion of its freight produce that had left Johannesburg by waggon only seven days earlier. Thus the gap between Johannesburg, the present centre of South Africa, and the sea is gradually getting bridged over. It may be taken for granted that what remains to be completed of the line to the Vaal River (the border of the Republic), will be pushed on with no less energy than has marked the pushing on to Kroonstad. It is expected that in May the railway whistle will be heard on the banks of the Vaal, leaving only five hours'

coaching to Johannesburg. Thanks to the arrangement entered into with the Netherlands Railway Company (which holds a kind of monopoly concession from the Transvaal Government to build the only line permitted from the east coast to Pretoria) and the Transvaal Government, progress beyond the Vaal will not be long delayed. The completion of the line from the Vaal to Johannesburg, and thence to Pretoria, is making progress, so that the work will be ready for laying the rails and sleepers as soon as they can be conveyed by rail over the colonial system. So at last we are within measureable distance of a long wished for goal, for it cannot be disputed or gainsaid that Johannesburg is the richest city in the South African Continent, and, in spite of a very slow moving retrograde Government, increases daily in wealth and importance. Among the most patriotic colonists it is an admitted fact that Johannesburg is the future metropolis of all the South African states. Whether it will ever revert to Great Britain is a problem of the future, and depends entirely upon the stability of the Transvaal Government and their financial successes or reverses. Practically that country is far more English than Dutch in all excepting the franchise and Government. It would be impossible to count the hundreds of millions of British gold that has been sunk in the mining industry alone, besides which nearly all the commercial enterprises are initiated and supported by the money of the, not always too wise, English speculator. The majority of

the urban and city residents are also British. Though ignominiously kicked out at the time of the Boers' victories, the taxpaying capabilities of "John Bull" has been too great a temptation even to the very conservative and honest Dutchman, who was not quite so old-fashioned in his prejudices as to refuse prosperity at the hands of a foreigner willing to handsomely pay his footing. Whilst on Transvaal affairs, I regret to report that a few missionaries in that State have been more careful of the loaves and fishes than they have of their sheep, and in their greed for the good things of this world, have put on wolves' clothing and rent their suffering flocks. A case has just been brought home to one of these "shepherds" by the State Attorney, in which it was proved that the missionary had collected over £500 in one year, of which three-fourths were for permitting adultery and other immoral acts among the natives. The missionary stated that the largest amount of this he had already spent on buildings and other fixed property, and had only £80 in hand, which he paid over to the natives from whom he had extorted it. There are more similar cases *sub judice*.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *East London.*



ON Friday morning we left Port Elizabeth per Castle steamer *Venice*, a small coaster of some 800 tons, and though not to be compared to the ocean mail boats of this company, it is a very comfortable little ship, whose officers have the characteristic good nature and courtesy of the majority of Britannia's sons of the sea. The elements were favourable, and we had a pleasant trip round the coast line of Algoa Bay. On the way we passed St. Croix Island, some few miles out at sea, where Diaz, the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, planted a cross; also the Bird Islands, which have a lighthouse, and are literally covered with the feathered fowl of the ocean. It is said that there is no single spot on the earth's surface that can show as many millions of sea-fowl as these two small islands. We next passed Cape Padrone, Bushman River, and Port Alfred. The coast, in many parts, shows some fine glimpses of luxuriant woods and green grassy fields, a novel contrast to the landscape scenery of the Western Province, where everything is scorched and dry. The most curious sight, however, are the miniature

mountains of white sea-sand, which the strong winds continually blow from the shore, and pile up grain upon grain until a height of fully 700 or more feet is attained. They are daily increasing in size. In the sunlight the dazzling whiteness of the sand sparkles in the eyes of the onlooker exactly in the same manner as the heights of eternal snow on Mount Blanc or Mont Rosa. In fact, some of these sand-hills were formed in exact replica of many ice-peaks I have ascended, and it did not require a very elastic stretch of the imagination to fancy I was once more among the higher Alps of Zermatt. The sun set in a gloriously clear sky, and as darkness fell over us the bright constellation of the Southern Cross, with its two bright pointers, was almost overhead. In these latitudes the cloudless moonlight nights are sights never to be forgotten. The clearness of the pure atmosphere brings into a far stronger relief the "nails of the floor of Heaven" than in the Northern Hemisphere. Here the stars are veritable points of fire, steady in their brightness, and fierce in the intensity of their light. It must have been in an atmosphere of this character that the greatest of all poets that have ever been born or ever will be—the Psalmist David—drew his inspiration when he wrote the 8th and 104th Psalms. We reached East London in the early hours of the morning, and cast anchor just outside the breakwater, and at six o'clock steamed up the Buffalo River a few hundred yards to a wooden jetty, by which we disembarked. The large ocean steamers cannot yet enter the harbour and river on account of their draught.



They have to discharge and take in cargo from the anchorage outside, but it is only a question of time before all ships visiting this port will be able to come up alongside the wharfs in the river, as the Government, after long continued pressure and agitation, has provided two enormous steam dredgers, which are daily deepening the mouth and bed of the Buffalo. Certainly the port owes a debt of gratitude to those who designed these dredgers, both of which are at work, and have a capacity of lifting by suction about five hundred tons of sand every fifteen minutes. With this power they have opened a channel at the mouth of the river by which, at the present time, vessels drawing eighteen feet of water can now come into the river and discharge their cargoes alongside the quays. The harbour works have cost over three-quarters of a million of money, but that is not to be begrudged with the results that have been attained. I have it on good authority that since these works have been serviceable the value of property in East London has gone up one hundred per cent. The town is very straggling, and built partly of galvanized iron, like Kimberley, and partly in the latest modern style. It is not at all uncommon to see a palatial, magnificent stone-built warehouse, that would grace even the city of London, side by side with a single-floor iron building also used as a store in the same trade. This town appears to have been built in detachments, with roads filled in afterwards, as though some great monster builder had taken a trip in a balloon, and dropped down a mixed

sample of building every few seconds, as the wind carried his car over the site of the present township. I have never yet seen a town of really so large a whole so scattered and mixed up. All the recent buildings are very fine in architecture and structure, and a large trade is done here in colonial produce. The private residences are pleasantly situated, commanding extensive views of wood and water, and the bright blue sea of the Indian Ocean. Viewed from the sea it is, after Cape Town, the prettiest coast town I have seen. It has not that scorched barren appearance of Port Elizabeth. It stands on a stretch of flat tableland, and is a favourite bathing place, though this pastime is highly dangerous here, owing to the shoals of sharks which infest the whole of this part of the coast. The suburbs of the town are beautifully wooded, and here the fields are covered with rich green grass, so green in fact, that the visitor almost questions the fact as to whether he really can still be in South Africa. The atmosphere is dry, very much more so than either Cape Town or Port Elizabeth, and I should think East London would be a very desirable place of residence for those in search of health. It is 150 miles east of Port Elizabeth by water, which is the easiest method of communication, and has an extensive public park and gardens. The acme of attraction is of course Buffalo River, which is one of the prettiest streams of South Africa, and a delightful one for boating. The bush lined banks afford rare opportunities for picnicing, which is the great pleasure of South African life. The

river is very similar to the Dart in Devonshire, although perhaps a trifle wider, and different in details. The beautiful trees and woods that clothe the sides of the Dart are at the Buffalo River represented by the ungainly euphorbia, a sort of growth which is neither tree nor vegetable, but which no doubt possesses qualities which will one day be utilised. It has already been discovered to have qualities that would render it of considerable value in admixture with paint for the coating of ships' bottoms, preventing the growth of barnacles and other parasites of rapid development in sailing through the summer seas. But the euphorbia is not an article of commerce at present. The people of East London have undoubtedly a very beautiful river, and they have fully availed themselves to no small extent of its opportunities. In the picnic glens there are clearings made in the bush with tables and seats, every facility being provided for the visits of pleasure seekers. One can always see groups of boats on Saturday afternoons filled with boating men and well-dressed ladies, reminding one of Henley or Maidenhead. Upon this river there have been inter-colonial aquatic sports, and the keen contests between the various amateur boating crews of South Africa are among the memories of the place. A very strong local boating club has its head-quarters here, and possesses valuable trophies presented to it at various times, which are raced for annually. Here, more than at the Cape or Port Elizabeth, the Kaffir and Zulu workmen appear in their natural state. Several of them daub

their bodies with paint, some have pieces of old blanket about their loins, and a few tall, strong, broad-shouldered men can often be seen outside the town *in puris naturalibus*. Almost all of them have their head and throat covered with an excess of clothing, as though suffering from severe colds; but on enquiry I found these dirty clothes were intended as a protection against scratches from the rugged edges of the casks and cases they carry at the wharfs. Hundreds of the Kaffir men come every year to the coast from the kraals in the wilderness of the interior, in hope of making as much money as will enable them to return and purchase a gun, so many oxen, and so many wives. When the Kaffir gets several wives he compels them to go and work, attend to his mealies and milk his cows, while he all his life acts the part of the idle gentleman. When I came to this colony I was predisposed in favour of the natives, but my fond illusion has been repeatedly dispelled, and I am terribly disappointed with them in every way. They are untrustworthy, cunning, deceitful, terrible liars, and the laziest type of humanity it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Their intellect is low, and of a very poor calibre. To elevate them seems an impossibility, for the experience of those who are qualified to judge proves them only capable of imitating the white man's vices, without a passing regard for his virtues. The amelioration of the social position and moral life of the various South African native races is a problem of deep importance, and I am taking every opportunity of study-

ing their manners and life in all its stages. The result of my personal conclusions on this subject I hope to give at some future time in another chapter. Those conclusions must be taken as the writer's testimony only, though given in all honesty of conscience, conviction, and charity.



## CHAPTER XII.

### *King William's Town, and the "Native Question."*

**T**HE next town we proposed to visit was King William's Town, briefly called "King" by the colonists of these parts. Thither the train conveyed us over the forty-two miles of railway, in two hours and twenty minutes. The country through which we passed presented no striking features of any kind, excepting that the whole distance is covered with beautiful green grass veld, a welcome change from the western province, where everything has such a dry and scorched appearance. The landscape is fairly well wooded with the short euphorbia bushes, and a stunted kind of fir. As the line ascends, curving in and between the ranges of hills, very fine views of landscape below present themselves at every turn. A few miles before reaching "King," the rail descends sharply, the town lying in a low position, surrounded by hills very similar in every way to Grahamstown. King William's Town is the seat of magistracy for the district, and is famous for its very fine churches and chapels, of which there are seven, besides colleges and public schools. As a commercial centre, it is one of the busiest towns in the colony. The wholesale

warehouses and stores are fine substantial brick and stone buildings, very large, lofty, and capacious. To the stranger, these streets of mammoth stores naturally awaken curiosity to know where on earth the merchandise all goes to, for it is evident the town itself does not warrant such buildings and such enormous stocks. It is, however, the centre and metropolis of all the trade of Basutoland, Pondoland, Kaffraria, and the district hence to the whole length of the borders of Natal. Over 800,000 natives draw their supplies entirely and exclusively from King William's Town, consequently the trade done in "roughs," "Kaffir Truck," and ready-made clothing of a low grade is enormous. Mr. McCormack, the manager of Messrs. Baker, Baker and Co.'s tailoring department, shewed me an overcoat, for which they had placed an order in England for one thousand, at a little under six shillings each. They could often order one thousand suits of one pattern, at about six shillings the suit. This will give some idea of the bulk of the trade a comparatively small place like King William's Town sends home to England, and the labour our colonies provide for our British workman, besides shewing the advance machinery has made in producing such cheap merchandise, and enhancing the comfort of even the poorest of the poor. It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert Baker, the senior partner in the firm of Baker, Baker and Co., than whom a better informed man on the history and affairs of South Africa does not exist. From this gentleman I

have derived a great deal of reliable information, especially on the habits of the natives of Kaffraria. All through my trip I have been very much disappointed with the character of the natives of the various tribes we have come across. I left home with a considerable prejudice in their favour, created principally by the reports published by the various missionary societies. Alas ! those reports and their effect are not verified by personal experience, so much so that I fear the desire to make large collections in our churches and chapels sometimes tempt the preachers to paint their picture too rosy a hue. True, there are undoubtedly many natives who have an enlightened moral character, but the testimony of all colonists, whose long residence among them invests their opinion with authority, is that they are the few and not the many. Though many inferior tribes, there are, practically speaking, only two races—Kaffirs and Hottentots. The Hottentots were the original owners of the soil ; the Kaffirs came from northward—an invading swarm. The Hottentots are a mild, harmless, and spiritless race, have brown skins and Mongolian features. Through intermarriage with other puny tribes, they are only now to be found in the pure strain at outlying stations. The larger, stronger, and more aggressive Kaffirs are black as night, and cover the country in every direction, even to the centre of Africa. All these tribes—Zulu, Makalaka, Makololo, Matabele, Basuto, Mashona, Pondo, Galeka, Gaika, Fingo, Swazi, Shangaan, Baralong, Tonga, Batlapin, Kaffir and Hottentot, and many cross-breeds—are called by the white man “ Boys,” “ Nigger ” being a



term of great contempt. As to character—where the native, no matter of which tribe, lives in the primitive state in which the white man found him, uninfluenced by the white man's vices, untrammelled by the white man's rule, untouched by civilisation, the code of morals is the highest in the world. Adultery and immorality are punishable by death penalty only; thieving and fraud by a pitiless torture of the culprit. Even where the vices as well as virtues of civilisation have made their influence visible the native is still virtuous in morals, but as soon as civilisation has full play—with its culture, refinement, morality, virtue, justice, science, mercy, and humanitarian principles, combined with Christianity and religion, coupled with the evil example of the few white exponents of these inestimable advantages to mankind—the native in the large, unfortunately *very* large, majority of cases imitates the white's vices, leaving his virtues perfectly unnoticed. I assure my readers that many—not one, two, or three—but many farmers, Dutch and English, whom I have met in my travels up country, in the Free State and in the Karoo, have repeatedly told me they always refuse to engage a fresh "Boy" if they know he is a "converted Christian." This question of his religion is the first they always put to an applicant for labour—"What is your religion?" If he reply "Converted" they always decline engaging him, for, say the farmers, our experience is that in ninety cases out of every hundred the *so-called* "converted Christian nigger" has imbued all the vices of the professors of

Christianity without any of their virtues, and thus obtains the unenviable notoriety, not only of a double dose of original sin, but an additional one that has been acquired. I am afraid such a testimony as this will surprise many of my friends who take an interest in missionary work, and are nobly doing their all to hasten on the universality of Christ's kingdom upon earth. Far be it from me to dampen anyone's ardour in such a philanthropic duty. Undoubtedly South Africa owes a great debt of gratitude to the missionaries who have unselfishly laboured among her children, and if their work has been the means of saving the souls of the few to righteousness and peace, who shall stay their hand? At the same time, it is worse than folly to live in a fool's paradise, and take for granted all the published statements of the various societies unchallenged. In one of my previous letters I made the statement that I could not and would not economise the truth by my pen to please any, and I confirm that statement emphatically. Though I wish to offend none by the expression of my personal opinions, yet I cannot refrain from recording actual facts, however unpalatable those facts may be. From the religious census returns of Cape Colony just published I find there are 769,462 persons who return themselves as Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Mahomedans and other sects, whilst there are 753,824 who return themselves as "no religion." These latter are naturally nearly all natives. How to really Christianise in heart and character, and not in name only, these seven hundred and fifty-three thousand heathen is a problem

upon which I have no ability to speak ; but it seems to me the only possible solution of the difficulty is to study their natural character and, to use a phrase, play down to that. The Kaffir *au naturel* has no love for work ; he is lazy and indolent ; loves to sit in the sun and watch his wives do his work for him. Independent and cunning, satisfied with the roughest food, he has few wants to which one can appeal. Wives are a want, and the currency which buys them, cattle, are a want. For these he is content to serve a certain time, in order to do which he must come down to the towns and farms and have practical contact with civilisation ; and it is at this period the savage mind seems so curiously apt to grasp all the evil that runs in its train, without any regard for the elevating, inspiring good that should not fail to raise the latent chords of even the negro's heart. So it is, however much we may deplore the fact. As soon as our native has earned sufficient money to buy cattle he is off to his old haunts, perhaps 500 or 1,000 miles away, taking his cattle with him, and all the evil he has learnt in the town of the white man. The result is that in Natal the planters have given him up in despair, and import coolies from India instead. The Kaffir is the miner, the navvy, and labourer of the colony, as all white labour being of a greater intelligence, secures the higher positions of overseer, mechanic, and skilled artificer. There are many of our excellent philanthropists at home very fond of Exeter Hall, who are in a chronic state of fear that the "poor black man" out in South Africa will be illtreated by his

masters; and these kind-hearted, good-meaning people write "shockers" every now and then on the persecution of the poor heathen. To these well-meaning, though imperfectly informed, persons, I would say that during the whole time I have been in South Africa not one single case of white oppression of the natives have I witnessed, and I only read of one case of illtreatment of a native at the hands of a white—a Dutch farmer, who received three years' imprisonment, with hard labour, for his misdeeds. The liquor laws throughout South Africa are most stringent. It is impossible for the natives in the Free State and Natal to obtain intoxicating liquors of any kind, as publicans forfeit their licenses on the first conviction for supplying any native with alcoholic beverages. In Cape Colony the conviction of any publican upon whose premises inebriated natives are found is almost certain to lose him his license. Oppress the blacks! No, not a bit of it. Look at Kimberley, and compare the Kaffir there with the Kaffir at home. In a previous letter I described the compounds of the De Beers mines, where some two thousand of them are confined during their term of voluntary service. In these compounds the black is housed and fed, amused, and kept from drink (no alcoholic liquor being allowed in the enclosure), with a care to which the British working man is a complete stranger, and he is in receipt of wages which any of our unemployed at home would jump at. Of course, in the early days of the Diamond Fields, when men were huddled together by the dozen under canvas,

and died off by hundreds with fever and exposure, the natives suffered equally with, and perhaps more than, the white man, but those days have, fortunately, passed by to return no more. At home the Kaffir revels in squalor, alive with vermin, in one hut or kraal with all his family, the oldest female having to do the hardest and most laborious work. The missionary efforts to improve the moral character of the natives I cannot regard as an unqualified success. The question in towns and cities is whether the term "success" should be used at all. The Wesleyan body stand out in shining supremacy as a body that has unquestionably been successful in its missionary enterprise. It has not been content with erecting noble churches in the cities, where the luxuries of life can be enjoyed side by side with an easy evangelising work, but has pushed out into the wilds of Africa, into the squalid homes of the poor Kaffirs. Its ministers have with self-denying zeal lived their lives among them, shown the beautiful side of Christianity's garment, and with considerable success raised this lethargic race to a knowledge of its higher privileges, and stirred the latent, slumbering capacity for good which is to be found more or less in the depths of every created soul. In the Transkei Mr. Saunders, a young, energetic Wesleyan minister, who left a charge at Gravesend some few years since, has met with exceptional success. It was my good fortune to have the pleasure of the company of this gentleman on our outward voyage by the *Mexican*, as he had been home for a rest and change, having broken down in health

through overwork in his mission. He was just returning to the field of his labours, and even he, so enthusiastic in his work, and certain of ultimate success, could not give the Kaffirs even a moderate character for honesty and truthfulness, though for morality they can give the white man many points. He recounted to me several stories of his experience, and with pardonable pride told me how, by a clever exposure of the deceit of their practices, he had entirely put down and driven out all the witch doctors from his circuit. What is the secret of his success? There must be a reason why the Wesleyan body, as a whole, of which this young evangelist is an example, stand head and shoulders above all other denominations in its ability to convert (as Mr. Saunders assured me they had) many hundreds of crafty, indolent and dishonest barbarians into honest enlightened members of a rural society. As an opinion, and personal opinion only, I do not think it is the creed or doctrine that has anything to do with this success. Essentially the faith of all our Protestant Churches is the same; the divisions of denomination are so trifling as to be of no account when dealing with the subject. No; it is not in faith or dogma that the secret lies, but in the men who expound that faith. The Church of England sends bishops and priests to evangelise the people, men of high culture, perfect education, and polished manners, who are most particular as to the shape of their surplice or stole. These settle down in comfortable towns and minister to the spiritual needs of the rich and refined. Quite right, I have nothing to say

against their so doing, for I fail to see that the educated should be neglected because there is a preponderance of the ignorant in the land. Where the mistake comes in is that the church clergy in the outlying mission stations do not adapt themselves to their environments. They cannot give up their set form of service, and preach to and pray for the people, in a phraseology their congregation can understand. It seems an impossibility for the educated priest to break through his formalism and touch the slumbering emotions of the heathen. Of course there are notable exceptions to this hypothesis in Bishop Hannington and many others, but I am sure such a show of millinery as I saw worn by clergymen at Grahamstown Cathedral, who seemed to be doing their level best to compete with Rome in the style, pattern, and colouring of their vestments, will not advance the cause of Christianity one step among the natives of this country, but rather provoke ridicule. To enable your readers to judge of the success of the various religious bodies in their work among the Kaffirs, Hottentots, and other native races, I have obtained a Government copy of the authorised official statistics compiled at the close of last year, giving the number of their native converts.

	White Members	Native Converts
Dutch Reformed Church .. .. .	228,000	80,000
Church of England .. .. .	69,789	70,000
Wesleyans .. .. .	19,509	90,000
Presbyterians .. .. .	12,563	20,000
Lutherans .. .. .	10,398	10,000
Baptists .. .. .	6,205	9,800
Independents .. .. .	2,618	63,000
Methodists .. .. .	2,187	unrecorded
Catholics .. .. .	White and Black	17,273

The Independents for their numerical strength seem to be most successful, after whom the Wesleyans are a long way ahead of all others. I give these particulars as they must be interesting reading to all interested in missionary effort, and they may be the means of stirring up healthy competition between the churches in a spirit of friendly rivalry, for no matter in whatever walk of life may be our calling, there is no greater stimulant to excel than competition, for there is a vast difference between uncharitable jealousy, and admiring emulation in church work and church affairs.

How are these natives to be raised in the social scale from their natural low estate. To dream of making the Kaffir an equal of the white man would be idle, for he is not, nor ever will be, unless by a miracle, in half the intellect, attainments, and aptitude of the European. It is our duty to do all in our power to make up the leeway of an æon which the Kaffir has lost, as compared with the European. This cannot be done in a generation. In the words of another writer, "Whatever may be dreamed at home by good people, to whom the word 'native' suggests confused associations of Christy minstrels and missionary meetings, a black man is not merely a white man painted black, nor will he at one stroke of the pen emerge (like the little nigger boy in the pictorial advertisement of Pears' soap), snowy as his cravat, the black all concentrated into boots and broadcloth, to take his place in the social European march, step for step with his European fellow citizens."



As the Kaffir advances in education, and when he understands the meaning of the franchise, as soon as he has sufficient actual fixed property in the colony, which naturally would guarantee the fact of his having an interest in the prosperity of the country, I would give him a parliamentary vote. In Cape Colony he has it, but in all the Dutch States he has not, and is not likely to get political equality with the white. As to social equality, in our day and generation this can and never will be. Such a thing as a marriage between the white and the Kaffir is unknown, and I believe only one single instance of such a marriage has ever taken place. Educate and elevate the natives as much as you can with a view to ultimate equality, but you will never assimilate them. The very bars of nature in the ingrained differences of race preclude the possibility of social equality with the white. It is a curious fact, but to the nasal organ of the European the Kaffir smells abominably. So strong is the scent that on the railways carriages are reserved for natives only, and they are not allowed to occupy any other. Strange as it may seem, so do we whites present the same objectionable quality to the natives. It is, as one writer puts it, "a question of skins, not soaps." After all, it is a very cheap thing for us to hold out our arms to the "man and brother," six thousand miles away, but it is not so easy a humanity for the colonist who is within daily reach. The Kaffir is only allowed to hold property in Cape Colony; elsewhere there are "locations," and in the Dutch Republics these

are held in trust for him by a department of state. As a servant the Kaffir will work well whilst under observation, but no sooner is the master's eye turned than he relapses into dreamland. He will always submit to be struck by his own master or "baas" for a fault, and when caught thieving, if offered the choice of being beaten or taken before the magistrate, will in every case of guilt choose the corporal punishment. If he is innocent, he has always his remedy at law in every state of South Africa, as in law the native and white have absolute equality, which every right-minded justice-loving person would agree with. I think we, at home, can safely leave the welfare and persons of the natives in the hands of our cousin colonists. Why should we not put some trust and confidence in our own kith and kin? Who make and frame the native laws over here? The very men whose enormous stores and warehouses prove their business integrity as well as controlling ability. Surely to minds of such a calibre as these, which have turned the wilderness and wilds of South Africa into prosperous and wealthy towns, can be safely entrusted the care of the native races, upon whom, in a great measure, they depend for labour. It is idle for a cabal of fussy and ignorant sentimentalists, who spend their time in muddling and meddling from a coign of vantage in the heart of the empire, to dictate to their fellow subjects out here, with whom they have nothing in common, and know absolutely nothing about, as to the way they should treat the "native question." My experience of the colonist—and I have

not skipped through the land with my eyes shut and my ears closed—is that he loves justice and mercy quite as much as any born Britisher, and is as desirous of improving the dark spots in the native character as are those interfering busybodies who so sadly mistake their vocation at home.

King William's Town certainly presents the appearance of wealthy prosperity. As in all South African cities, the streets and roads are very broad, mostly built at right angles to each other, and bordered on either side by magnificent avenues of fine trees. Surrounded as it is by hills of considerable altitude, the views from any part of the town are very beautiful. Outside the business quarter leafy foliage increases, and here the merchants have their handsome and imposing stone or brick-built residences, each enclosed in spacious grounds. A very noticeable feature in the architecture of both private and public buildings throughout the colony is the loftiness of the rooms. As an instance, in Mr. Herbert Baker's house the ground floor apartments have all fifteen-foot ceilings, and the first floor is scarcely less lofty. The fact is, in a hot climate like this plenty of pure air is absolutely indispensable. The colonists are a practical and hard-headed people, permeated with common sense, and, considering the great difficulties in the way of an insufficient natural water supply, they have shown what British perseverance and determination can do. South Africa is an ever-present testimony to the grand enterprising powers of the British race, and it is a

thousand pities that we at home know so very little of this part of our empire. Quite recently, during the sale of Cape fruit in London, the salesman's clerk declared to the crowd assembled that the peaches which were being offered had been grown "in Natal, about twelve miles from Cape Town." The colonial treasurer, the Hon. J. H. Merriman, was amongst those present when this announcement was made. It must have been very amusing information to this member of the Cape Ministry. By the bye, whilst mentioning the name of Mr. Merriman, my memory brings me back to a celebrated speech this hon. gentleman made in London on February 17th, when speaking and giving his adverse opinion on "General" Booth's scheme for founding an over-sea colony of a portion of the "submerged tenth" in Cape Colony. Opinion in this country is divided on the subject; but I think the majority would welcome the "General's" contingent, provided they formed their own settlement in not too close proximity to any existing town. A very witty amateur poet, who shares the views of the colonial treasurer, has contributed the following to one of the Cape newspapers:—

Said the "Treasurer" to the "General,"  
"We've all heard of your scheme  
And some of us regard it  
As a queer fantastic dream,  
But still we have not thought you  
Much worse than other bores  
Until you talked of sending  
Your converts to our shores."

Said the "General" to the "Treasurer,"  
"I've been the world around  
And everywhere a welcome  
Both real and hearty found,  
But I've a fixed idea  
And from it can't escape  
The best place for my settlement  
Must surely be the Cape."

Said the "Treasurer" to the "General,"  
"Your idea is most absurd,  
And of all the wild proposals  
The wildest I have heard.  
Your followers, I'm sure, are not  
The people we require ;  
Our climate here is very hot,  
Too hot for ' blood and fire.' "

Said the "General" to the "Treasurer,"  
"The ' Submerged Tenth ' must go,  
Notwithstanding that they find in you  
A most determined foe.  
You'd better tranquillise your mind  
And take the bitter pill,  
They shall go from ' Darkest England '  
To a land that's darker still."

Said the "Treasurer" to the "General,"  
"We've every race and breed,  
But the settlers that you'd send us  
Would 'settle' us indeed.  
You may sweep out ' Darkest England '  
And cleanse it as you choose,  
But to have your ' dust-bin ' planted here  
We steadily refuse."

Some of the customs of the Kaffirs are very interesting and novel, being quite distinct from those of any other coloured tribe on the face of the earth. A friend of mine in King William's Town, who, I think, is by far the largest

merchant in "Kaffir truck," told me that some few years back those in the Transkei suddenly took a fancy to wearing the thickest, heaviest, common dog chains they could obtain, as belts round their waists. It was nothing uncommon, at that time, to see a woman plodding along with five or six of the heaviest dog chains manufactured fastened round her body with leather thongs. To meet the demand of this new fashion, he imported, in one shipment, some five or six thousand of the chains, and sold them all out within a fortnight. One day a Kaffir "dude," more of a dandy than usual, finding the high stiff collars, which almost strangle the gilded youth of Europe, not quite in his line, conceived the idea of arousing the envy of all the other Johnnies in his kraal by donning a very fine galvanised light iron chain, in place of the heavy dull coloured ones then in use. Immediately the whole district tramped to market to purchase the newest thing. The old heavy pattern was at once a drug in the market, and could not even be given away, but the merchants were amply compensated for the loss on their stock of this article, as the quantity of the new style was naturally very limited, and the first few shipments fetched ten times their original cost. In the matter of blankets the Kaffir is more particular than even the professional beauty in the choice of her gowns. Each tribe has a distinctive colour, or a distinctive variety of stripes in its blanket. One will have a gorgeous study in many colours, others plain white with certain coloured stripe edges, or a self colour. My friend once sent an order home for five

thousand blankets with a broad black stripe, having three narrow lines of blue on either side, running right round the outside selvedge. By some error the manufacturer printed or wove the three narrow lines violet instead of blue, and shipped them, thinking so slight a difference would not be of any consequence. Not a Kaffir of the tribe for whom they were imported would look at them, even at half price, simply on account of this slight error in colouring. The whole parcel was unsaleable, and was returned to the manufacturer as "not to order." Their marriage customs are also as unlike those of any other nation as it is possible to conceive. I have already said their moral standard, as regards the relation of the sexes, will bear most favourable comparison with any other people under the sun. A woman is after all an article of merchandise, and in this sense after the Kaffir system, happy is the father that hath his quiver full, for the sale of his daughters as wives to the more wealthy men of his tribe is a source of large funded capital in the shape of flocks of sheep and cattle. The marriage tie can never be dissolved except by the chief of the tribe, who has absolute power in this matter. The Kaffirs of Cape Colony and Natal belong to the lingual Bantu family, whose numerous tribes are found all through South Africa from a few degrees north of the equator. They do not know themselves by the name of Kaffir. It is a term of reproach, signifying *infidel* and an Arabic word meaning *unbeliever*, applied by the Mahommedans to all peoples not of their religion. It was first current

among the Portuguese to denote the black races south of their settlements on the east coast. The Bantu traditions seem to indicate that they originally came from the north and north-east of Africa, and were driven south by Hamitic tribes from Western Asia. The Kaffirs, as a rule, are well-proportioned men, dark brown, and often black in colour. Some have the flat nose and thick lips of the negro, others have regular features very suggestive of Asiatic origin. Each tribe, even in the colonies, is ruled by a hereditary chief, assisted by his head man or *indunas*. Their huts are of a bee-hive shape, and a collection of huts is call a *kraal*. The women build the huts and cultivate the gardens, whilst the men, were they can, "take it easy." Their religious beliefs centre in ancestor-worship, and it is a curious as well as interesting fact that their sacred history of creation somewhat roughly coincides with our Old Testament description of the creation of man. They say their first ancestor, Unkulunkulu, the *Great-Great*, shook the reeds with a mighty wind, and a man and a woman emerged from them, who taught the people to till the ground, milk cows, and brew beer; these were the first male and female. The *Isanusi* are the priests and doctors of the tribe, and owe their influence to their reputed gift of "second sight." They profess to have the power of communication with the unseen world, and with the spirit of their ancestors, and employ their supernatural gifts in detecting persons guilty of evil practices of all kinds. These are the far-famed witch doctors of whom Mr. Rider Haggard



gives such true and graphic descriptions. His scathing denunciation of these fiends is not one whit too strong. A more devilish savage priestcraft never existed, and before the beneficent rule of the English the ancient Druids, and even the priests of Baal, were angelic in their humanity compared with these native detectives, who "smell out" the innocent because the chief wants an excuse to "remove" him or her. The "native question" is one of the most prominent and difficult to deal with in South Africa. The great preponderance of the native over the white races, and the different theories of treating them, render it one of the most perplexing problems to solve. The most experienced people with whom I have communicated on the subject are of opinion that the natives are so far behind us in civilisation that they must be regarded as mere children. This does not mean that they must be harshly treated, but, on the contrary, with the utmost fairness and justice, and that they must be under the guidance of a controlling and firmly-governing hand. They respect power and authority only when they have confidence in its being exercised with impartiality. From the wonderful and ever-increasing development which has taken place in the northern part of South Africa since the discovery of diamonds and gold, giving employment to thousands of Kaffirs at high wages, their social position is being materially changed. Around King William's Town there are native locations which contain a host of really wealthy Kaffirs, both in flocks and movable property. They are really becoming "masters of

the situation." Their constant contact with the white man is having the effect of introducing among them the germs of an incipient civilisation, and it is greatly to be regretted that they seem so slow to grasp the good and swift to learn the evil that a luxurious age produces. People at home rant about the ill-treatment of the blacks. Nobody here dares to treat them badly, because they would run away. There is a strong competition for them, and the natives have an uncommonly rosy time of it. They are naturally a lively and a happy race, and I have seen them as cheerful and light-hearted in the town as in their kraals on the wild and open veld. Exeter Hall can safely leave our brother colonists to manage their own affairs in relation to the "native question," as well as every other difficulty which must arise from time to time as the colonies grow and develop. As to such complex problems as this and the "franchise question," which is now the great topic of the day, it would be impertinent and folly on my part to give an opinion. Only those who have lived in the land for many years can be qualified to speak and explain such matters. Practical knowledge of the political economy peculiar to the Cape system of government is absolutely requisite in order to be able to form any judgment worth consideration, and such knowledge cannot be acquired by a flying trip through a country, or behind the dusty pigeon holes of a Downing Street colonial office desk. The leading politicians out there are men of sterling integrity, above the sacrifice of principle for power, or

petty bribes to gain their own ends. Let us leave these great political and social questions with every confidence in their hands, without curtailing their counsels by fussy meddling interference.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### *King William's Town to Durban.*

**W**E left King William's Town on Friday, March 25th, returning to East London to take ship for Durban. The Union Steamship Company's agent in "King" told me the *Pretoria* would probably sail on Saturday at noon, but on arrival I found she was not expected until Sunday on account of the boisterous weather. I had, therefore, two or three days to wait doing nothing but watching the tropical rain come down hour after hour, as is its ungentle nature in this country. When it rains here there is no deception in the matter, it means it, and comes down in perfect torrents, but once it ceases a cloudless sky is almost sure to be its successor. In our home climate of "samples" we can hardly conceive a land where the seasons are absolutely regular and true to name, but the fact remains, the South African meteorological conditions can always be depended on for stability. On this occasion the flood of the rain lasted from the Saturday until the Monday morning without a break, then gradually the clouds dispersed, the gale dropped, and a beautiful cloudless morning awoke us with the genial warmth of the

balmy atmosphere. Having some few hours to spare, I took a walk round the suburbs of the town, and my previous favourable impressions were fully confirmed. For beauty of situation and every natural facility, for a town and port, East London certainly has the advantage over many competitors in South Africa. There are some things, however, which strike the visitor objectionably. One is the number of corner and other building plots right in the centre of the town, unoccupied, which are obviously held for a rise in the value of property. Another blemish is the disgraceful weedy condition of most of the private gardens, which are covered with burrweed. It does seem a pity that so great an attraction to a town consisting of private residences, as prettily laid out gardens, should be so neglected in this respect. Whatever the reason may be, the soil is not to blame, for it will grow anything from the commonest weed to a pineapple. So fertile is the ground that a thick turf of grass covered with wild flowers grows right down to the water's edge. It is quite evident that gardening is not neglected by some people in the surrounding district, if one may judge by the articles sold at the morning market. I saw heaps of pines, apples, pears, plums, grapes, rhubarb, all of which were grown in the neighbourhood in the open air. There were also honey, bees-wax, bananas, figs, peaches, tomatoes, quinces, beans, potatoes, mealies, and all sorts of corn, as well as eggs, poultry, bacon, butter, and meat. The East London folk never fail to ask visitors if they have been up the river and seen the park. It is difficult

to hire a decent skiff for a pull up the beautiful Buffalo, unless one has the good fortune to claim acquaintance-ship with a member of the local rowing club ; and not possessing this privilege, as well as insufficient time at my disposal, the excursion had to be declined. However, I found my way up to the park. There is no gateway or signboard by which a stranger would know he had stepped from the natural veld into one of the triumphs of horticultural skill, but just a pathway cut in the natural bush. This park consists of a large natural shrubbery, including well-grown specimens of many choice trees, which have to be carefully reared in nursery gardens in most other parts of the world. Here they have only to be allowed to stand, and bushes of the baser sort cleared away from them. There are hill and dale ; the beds of two streams run through it, which only require labour to dam and widen to form a series of lakes ; a bold hill showing rocky cliffs, cosy nooks where shelter can be obtained from every wind that blows, and creepers and wild flowers in the greatest profusion. It is generally conceded that men value a thing according to the amount of toil or money it has cost to acquire. This may account for the small value apparently set upon this charming spot by some of the inhabitants, but many thousands of pounds have been spent in some parts of the world in obtaining far less results than nature alone has provided for East London. At noon I walked down to the quay and boarded the steam tender which was to carry us out to the *Prætorius* anchored in the bay. At the mouth of the Buffalo there

is a large "Bar" of sand preventing all steamers above 2,000 tons entering the river except at very high water. As our little steam launch (it was appropriately named the *Midge*) approached this, we could see the large crested waves breaking on the sand in furious surf. However, the skill of our skipper piloted the minute vessel safely through the breakers, in and out, like a snake gliding through long grass. We reached the *Pretoria's* side with but a slight ducking, and here I first made acquaintance with the basket apparatus by which passengers are enabled to embark and disembark without any fear of danger. The basket, somewhat like an overgrown hogshhead, only a trifle longer, is hoisted and lowered, and swung from one boat into another by means of the derrick and donkey engine. The basket is open at the top, but securely encloses the passengers by a thick rope netting, and conveys three or four passengers at a time from the tender to the deck of the ship in a very few seconds. As soon as it is loaded with its human freight the door is fastened on the outside, and up it swings in mid air between sea and heaven, then with a turn or two of a guiding rope on the windlass it shoots over the side of the ocean steamer and lands safely on the deck with a bump that scatters one's nerves and terrifies the ladies and children. The door is opened, and they escape quaking as from a dungeon of despair, the others laughing at the whole thing as a huge joke. Sometimes the natives manifest a great dislike to the basket, and have to be pushed into it in a somewhat unceremonious way. This basket business, however

comical it may seem to a stranger, is really necessary, and is an excellent contrivance for the safety of the passengers. We soon weighed anchor and proceeded on our course towards Durban, the port of Natal. The sea coast was in full view all the way, 280 miles, and is a striking contrast to that of the Cape. The green fields, stretches of rich pasture lands, flowing rivers, with a plentiful quantity of trees, was a welcome change to the unending stretch of white sand hills and barren shores of the Western and Eastern provinces of Cape Colony.

Not many hours after leaving East London we passed by the shores of Pondoland, on Natal's southern boundary. It is practically two independent native states governed by separate chiefs, under English protection. It is about one-third the size of Natal, and contains a population of about two hundred thousand natives. The largest river is the Umzimvubu, or St. John's. It rises far away in the interior near Bushman's Neck, and with its tributaries, drains the whole of Griqualand East, and the western and higher districts of Pondoland. The English district of Port St. John's is a strip of territory one mile wide, running from the mouth of the river for twelve miles up its western bank. The village of the same name, with a white population of about a hundred, is at the mouth of the river and midway between East London and Durban. Umtata, just over the south-western boundary line, is the nearest town of Cape Colony. "For a breach of treaty arrangements Umquikela ceased, in 1878, to be recognised as paramount chief of the Pondos, and the



sovereignty of the port and estuary of St. John's River was vested in Her Majesty's Government. The port was annexed to Cape Colony in 1884. Umquikela died in 1887, and in 1888 his son Sigcan was elected to succeed him as chief of East Pondoland. A resident commissioner from Pondoland was appointed in July, 1888."

West Pondoland is under the chief Nquliso. "A small strip of the territory at the mouth of the St. John's River was acquired by the Cape Government for £1,000" (Colonial Office List for 1890). After passing Pondoland we were off the coast of Natal, justly termed the "garden of South Africa," on account of its fertile and luxuriant soil, which yields almost every flower and fruit to be found in any portion of the globe. The coast line from the mouth of the Umtamvuna, the southernmost river to the mouth of the Tugela, its northern boundary, stretches in a north-easterly direction for about one hundred and seventy miles. There is one mile of coast for every one hundred and eighteen miles of surface. The whole of Africa has one for every six hundred and eighty. The more sea coast a country has in proportion to its size, the easier it is to get into the heart of the country from any one given point, and the greater are the facilities thus possessed for trading with other places. Low-lying sands are met with here and there along the Natal coast, but in most parts the beach, that battle ground between the sea and land, is fringed with shelving rocks and dangerous reefs. Twenty-five distinct rivers enter the sea, none of them navigable. The larger

ones have sand banks across their mouths, and lagoons a short distance inland. As along the coast in Cape Colony so here, hills, formed of wind-blown beautifully white silver sand and broken shells, are found on various parts of the shore. The lime in the shells, dissolved by the rains, permeated the unstable mass of sand, and in process of time cemented it together. Further protection was given by the covering of natural bush, which slowly and gradually made its appearance. The sand dunes, in many parts upwards of two hundred and fifty feet high, owe their origin in this way to the winds, and belong to what geologists call *Æolian* formation. The only break of importance is the land-locked harbour of Durban, to which our ocean steamer has now brought us. As we approached our destination, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the blue sky above us, and the glorious African sun shining upon all and everything, lighting up our world with a rich golden light, which glinted through a sky the blue of which cannot be found in any other but southern latitudes, the captain drew my attention to a prominence called the "Bluff," upon the top of which we could see the white lighthouse and signal post from which the arrival or passage of steamers and ships is signalled to the town of D'Urban, which he informed me was "just round the corner." The Bluff is about two hundred and fifty feet high, and besides being surmounted by the lighthouse, has a battery well armed with modern appliances. It is covered with natural forest or bush to the water's edge, and forms a protection to the town from

the full force of south-westerly winds. As we rounded this point and took up our anchorage we could distinctly see the bar at the mouth of the entrance to the beautiful expansive, land-locked bay of some 5,000 acres, or nearly eight square miles. This bar is a shifting mass of sand deposited by the sea across the fairway from the ocean to the harbour, and the comparative shallowness of the inside channels, anchorages, and mooring-grounds prevent the entrance at present of vessels drawing more than about sixteen feet of water. Engineering works of great magnitude are, however, being vigorously carried on, and it is certain that before long the large ocean steamships will be able to cross the bar in safety, and haul up alongside the wharves. At present they have to discharge and load their cargoes at the outer anchorage, an exposed natural bight lying between the end of the bluff and the mouth of the river Umgeni. From the sea a very indistinct view of the town is obtained, owing to its being partially hidden by the foreshore. But here comes the little tug panting along, tossing up and down in the turbulent waters of the bar like some magnificent cork which has escaped from the bottle and gone for a holiday on its own account; it will soon take us to the harbour, where we can get a better idea as to the size and situation of this the great port of Natal Colony. The "Berea," a beautifully-wooded hill, where all the *élite* and wealth of the town have their residences, is distinctly visible from the deck of our ship, and occupies the whole of the "middle

distance" of the landscape. By-and-by the tug is made fast to us, and then we are once more invited to disembark by the basket process. "Ladies first," roared the officer in charge, as some men with the exterior of gentlemen, but with the manners of monkeys, tried, in unfortunately Whitechapel style, to crowd into the basket before it was quite ready for operations. I, for one, was nothing loth to let ladies—aye, even the monkeys—precede me, for the process of disembarkation by this method, though practical and necessary in a sea which keeps the ship on a continual roll from side to side, is not a pleasant one. We all safely boarded the tug, crossed the bar and got ashore, where we found the ever-present courteous Customs officials ready to examine our baggage. This ordeal was soon over, these intelligent servants of the state having evidently studied physiognomy to some purpose, as they merely asked the usual formal questions, looked in our faces, and said "All right," made a big chalk tick upon each of our belongings, and passed us through. I handed my luggage over to the attendant from the Royal Hotel, and the first-class omnibus belonging to this establishment soon brought us to our destination, where Mr. Johnsson, jun., informed us we were just in time to dress for dinner. Having quieted the oft-repeated claims of a good appetite, as usual I made a tour of inspection round the hotel, so that I might satisfy my curiosity as to the amount of comfort I might reasonably expect during my stay in Natal. All those who have the satisfaction of a sojourn at the "Royal" will justi-

fiably laugh at my having ever had any doubts on the subject; but on the whole my experience of hotel accommodation in South Africa has not been altogether satisfactory. Now that I have practically ended my wanderings from city to city and town to town, I regret that, like all other travellers, I cannot speak highly of the South African hotels. My great and chief complaint is that the quality of the provisions is decidedly quite third-rate, the houses are dirty, and meals are served in a very rough-and-ready style, which does not tempt the failing appetite of the invalid. This short-sighted policy on the part of the hotel proprietors is incomprehensible, for good quality meat can be as easily obtained in all the towns here as in England. In order to make a few paltry extra shillings profit, they give their guests meat freshly killed, and so coarse in texture that neither cutters, molars, nor grinders, with the additional aid of the strong muscles of the jaws, make any progress through the leather, mis-named meat. Without mentioning the name or locality of one hotel where we were once unfortunately located (as I do not desire to injure anyone's trade), I may say that the table was so bad that, in self-defence from starvation, I was obliged to get my lunch every day at a restaurant, where everything provided was of the best, though, according to the custom out here, I had to pay all the same for the lunch I did not eat at the hotel. To these strictures I am glad to make four great and worthy exceptions. They have been mentioned by me in my previous letters. Far and away above all for real excellence in every department,

towering high above every other institution in both colonies, stand the Grand Hotel at Port Elizabeth (which is most ably managed by Mr. Bunton), and the Royal Hotel at Durban (managed and belonging to Messrs Johnsson and Son). If any can find a fault with either of these excellently appointed hotels, they must indeed be hard to please. What is the natural result of having such houses as these compared with the indifferent hotels in Cape Town, the great metropolis of Africa, and the majority of other towns in the colony? Simply this, visitors on their second visit rush through the latter places as quickly as possible, leaving the hotels comparatively empty, and spend all their time at those centres where the material comforts and necessities provided are fit for human use. Consequently, both the "Grand" at Port Elizabeth and the "Royal" at Durban are always crowded with the best class of visitors, and their proprietors are reaping a rich golden harvest, which is willingly poured into their exchequer for actual value received. After the many discomforts endured, I cannot possibly overpraise or too highly recommend these two perfect hotels. The pity is that other large towns can be content to allow such poor accommodation for their visitors to continue year after year. My first business in Durban was to present the letters of introduction with which I was plentifully provided by friends in England, as well as by friends I had made in Cape Colony. These visits took me to all parts of the town and its most beautiful suburb the "Berea." By

nature a business man first and pleasure last, my first care was to complete the commercial portion of my journey, and in a fine business town like Durban this occupied several days, and left me but a limited time in which to see the country. Here, as everywhere else through South Africa, I received the greatest kindness and most generous hospitality; in fact I had more invitations to dinner than I stayed days in the place. Mr. W. B. Greenacre cordially invited me to stay with him a few days at his beautiful residence on the "Berea," and it was with great reluctance that I had to decline his kindness on account of time, but with his well-known hearty good nature he insisted on my spending the Sunday with him, as well as driving me to all the points of interest in the neighbourhood. Mr. W. B. Greenacre is for the fourth time Mayor of Durban, and has filled at some time or other every public office in the city, where his name is a household word. From this gentleman, and from the works of Mr. Robert Russell, the superintendent inspector of schools of Natal, I derived a great portion of the information I am able to impart to your readers, and gratefully give these gentlemen, as well as Mr. Brockensha, my acknowledgments. As regards the commercial importance of Durban, it is the gateway, not only of Natal, but to several important parts of the neighbouring states and territories. Its geographical position makes Natal the natural carrier to these inland districts. She is able to maintain this transport trade by means of a very low customs tariff, harbour improvements,

and a railway to the principal trade routes on her northern borders. Therefore, besides the goods imported for her own requirements, there are upwards of a million and more imported for the trade beyond her own borders. The value of goods imported naturally varies year by year, but lately they averaged about £4,500,000, with exports about £1,700,000. About four-fifths of the imports come from England, the rest comes chiefly from Australia, India, China, the Baltic ports, and the United States. The exports consist chiefly of raw materials and one or two articles of food—wool, sugar, hides, angora hair, skins, horns, fruit, bark, arrowroot, rum, ostrich feathers, tea and gold. The tea industry is eminently successful and increasing in importance every year. The flavour is rough, but there is a fine aroma. It is now but a question of time for Natal to prove a strong competitor in the tea markets of Europe. The retail and wholesale stores of Durban are very fine substantial brick buildings, and commanding the trade of the up country towns, as well as her own immediate neighbourhood; the trade passing through these busy emporiums of commerce is a large one. The population of Durban is twenty-four thousand; of this number one half are Europeans, one quarter natives, and the other quarter Indian and Arabs. The town is built on the north side of the bay, and, as a borough, covers a space of about six thousand acres. It includes the point, with its shipping and busy wharves, and the bush-covered Berea heights overlooking the town and the ocean. The




naturally sandy roads have been macadamised, and tram cars connect the two extremities of the town, the point, and the Berea. The streets are wide, and here and there the foot-paths are shaded by trees, some of them survivals of "the forest primeval." Away from the shadow of the trees and of the houses and their verandahs, the heat even in March is intense. I felt at times inclined to envy those whose raiment was thin and scanty, and especially those who had grown up in such heat as to be apparently indifferent to it. During the whole of my stay in Durban I could bear nothing heavier than my tennis suit (Sundays excepted, when I became a martyr for the sake of appearances) and in this unbusiness like "get up" transacted all my business, without even the necessity for an apology, as our colonial friends have the sense to study comfort before etiquette.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### *Durban and Pietermaritzburg.*

 HERE are no cab-stands or cabs in Durban, for the tramway cars have become so popular and suitable for the requirements of the citizens that cabs are not often wanted, though I believe that a few good hansoms would drive a thriving trade in this beautiful town. The public buildings are very handsome and substantial structures. The town hall is a handsome and magnificent building, and, with its grand tower, fine clock, and peal of bells, is one of the most conspicuous buildings in the city. Although not, perhaps, the largest, it is certainly the handsomest in South Africa. The total cost of construction was about £50,000, and it is worthy of mention that in their selection of an architect, the Corporation of Durban did not have to go beyond their own town, an efficient man being found in Mr. Dudgeon. The building is of the Corinthian order of architecture, having a bold frontage of 206 feet, with a depth of 270 feet. It is most prettily situated, with large open gardens in front laid out in a square and enclosed with handsome iron railings, with entrances on all four sides. In the centre of these grounds

stands the Jubilee fountain, continuously pouring forth a stream of cool, clear water, which, in this tropical climate, is refreshing even to look upon, though the desire may be to plunge bodily into the ample basin that surrounds it. There are several other fine public buildings in the town, and these all bear testimony to what can be accomplished by the colonists when occasion demands their skill and perseverance. Affairs are in a prosperous and thriving state in the town, owing to the shrewd common sense of the citizens placing in authority, and at the head of affairs, those gentlemen whose commercial success and enterprise has proved their ability to administer and control public affairs, consequently taxes are low, import duties are insignificant, and rates are reduced to a minimum. Public men here, like Mr. W. B. Greenacre for instance, are not filled with a multitude of fads and hobbies like some of the members of the London County Council, for which little indulgences the ratepayers have to find the money, nor do they waste their time in visiting disreputable neighbourhoods with the mistaken idea that to drag all vice before the public gaze will in any way make the vicious more respectable. No; this business-like corporation has something better to do than run round the theatres and measure the length of the ballet dancer's skirts, and then spend weeks in endeavouring to convert these nymphs into staid women of advanced youth. The beautifully kept streets of the town, the sanitation, the gigantic harbour works, the railway and the town hall are all works of sufficient

magnitude to give undoubted evidence of the public spirit and unconquerable energy of the people of Natal. The inhabitants of Durban are fortunate in possessing picturesque surroundings to their pretty town. The Berea commands a lovely view over the bay, with the Bluff in the middle distance, the Indian Ocean on the left, and a beautiful prospect of the country on the right. As I sat on the *stoep* of my friend's house towards evening the scene, as the sun set, casting up those broad bright bands of glowing colour into the depths of the now intense blue sky, was a fairy one, the equal of which is never met with but in the southern latitudes. Readers who have visited Durban will, I know, remember many a twilight such as I have very inefficiently described. Language seems to always fail and fall short of the mark, when applied to the description of Nature. Scenes such as these have to be experienced to be realised or understood. From the Berea Durban, viewed from its eastern hill, is not unlike Teignmouth, in Devonshire, but, of course, twenty times larger in area and extent. The approach to the Berea by the tramway is very beautiful. The rails run the greater part of the distance under an avenue of beautiful trees, which join their hands above the track, or through groves of waving bamboos of great height. In some parts, and for a considerable way, the line is laid on soft green turf (this, with the beautiful avenue on each side, forms a striking vista) at the end of which a glimpse is obtained of the

town as seen through a window. The Berea is supplied with water from reservoirs on the Umbilo River, near Pinetown, and the town and point from the larger and more distant Umlaas, at a point ten miles from its mouth. In front of the New Senate House stands a white marble statue of "Victoria, Queen—Empress," erected by the ever loyal Natalians in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee, and unveiled in 1890 by His Excellency Sir Charles Mitchell, the governor. The social and moral needs of the people are well cared for by existing institutions. There are churches belonging to all denominations; and schools, libraries, and literary and musical associations keep alive the spirit of the age. Pietermaritzburg, commonly shortened to Maritzburg, is the capital of the colony, and stands two thousand two hundred and eighteen feet above sea level. It is the seat of Government, the chief station of the Imperial troops, and an *entrepot* for up-country trade. The population, including the garrison, is about eighteen thousand five hundred. The Europeans number eleven thousand; the remainder are natives, Indians, and other coloured peoples. It was my wish and intention to have visited Maritzburg, especially as I had received a cordial invitation from one of my best clients in Natal to make my abode at his beautiful residence, "Sans Souci." However, the time at disposal would not admit of my extending my trip, as I should have liked, through the whole of Natal, besides which my wife was beginning to grow very homesick and impatient to see her children, in which desire I certainly participated.

Though unable to give a personal experience of the Capital, I beg to quote an able description of a Natal winter spent in Maritzburg by a lady, which has been given me by my friend, Dr. E. Symes Thompson :—

“ I left Natal last year in the middle of the African winter, after a visit of two years and a half to this most beautiful colony.

“ Natal seemed *to me* to have but two seasons, summer and winter ; I never could detect a spring or an autumn.

“ The winter weather was truly lovely, week after week of cloudless blue sky—and what a blue !—the air, too, so light and warm, so different from the heavy English atmosphere.

“ I spent most of my time in Maritzburg. There the winter mornings could be very cold, and at night one was glad of shawls, fires, and hot bottles. Many a time I have walked to the seven o'clock early service at the cathedral and longed for furs and a muff to keep my poor shivering self warm. The ground has been crisp and white with frost underfoot, and my breath visible in the sharp, biting morning air. A thick mist would be rising from the river and low-lying park, but it would almost have vanished before I returned from church.

“ By ten or eleven o'clock the heat would often be intense, the sun blazing down upon us from the midst of a deeply-blue sky. But late in the afternoon, when the same sun suddenly set, the thick mists would rise again, and the night grow very, very cold and frosty.

“ Chilblains were much too common—both on hands

and feet—in the winter (I believe I am right in saying that English-born people did not suffer as much in this way as the native colonist), and I have repeatedly seen ice on our verandahs in the early morning.

“The winter was, of course, the season for dust-storms, horrible visitations, when the air was red or brown with clouds of dust, and when, despite closed windows and doors, every object was outlined in dust, and one almost choked with the oppression, yet could not get rid of the horrible taste of dust till long after the storm was over.

“I forget whether hot winds had a special season, surely they ought to occur only in the summer, and yet I seem to remember them blowing all the year round. They were far worse than dust-storms, since they lasted sometimes for days together, and the night brought no relief. One would toss and pant under the thinnest of coverings through a never-ending night, to rise in the morning aching and unrefreshed. Oh, then how one valued the morning tub! It was the one oasis in the dry and dusty day, when one's skin positively cracked with extreme dryness.

“The summer in Maritzburg was much less relaxing than on the coast, where the moist heat and the mosquitoes together made life not worth living. This was the rainy season, and after the grass fires of the winter the grass would spring up fresh and green on all the hills. Now Natal looked her best. The rains were, of course, very heavy, but the sun soon dried the roads.

"As for thunderstorms, I did not find them nearly as frequent as I had been led to expect. They were very beautiful, and I was always most grateful when they came to clear the air ; sometimes, of course, they could be very alarming.

"The hailstorms in Natal were very terrible things ; I have many times seen hailstones quite as large as Victoria plums.

"Looking back, I feel I must just say, in conclusion, that no words of mine can paint the lovely warmth and sunlight of that beautiful Natal winter. It would compensate, and more than compensate, for any amount of discomforts. I cannot fancy any climate excelling it ; and, though what I have said about the morning and evening mists and frosts sounds badly, yet it is a most wonderful thing that these seemingly dangerous foes to health do no one any harm, but rather brace one up, both in body and in spirits, till one is ready for any exertion."

Finding the *Tartar*, a fine steamer of the Union Company's fleet, was sailing on the 4th April from Durban and leaving Cape town on the 13th, I booked our passage by this ship, and had all my work cut out to thoroughly explore Durban itself, as well as transact my business. It is really astonishing what an amount of work one can get through in a given time if one puts the shoulder to the wheel, and after all I was perfectly satisfied when I embarked for home, that I had been able, with the help of my friends there, to get a fair idea of the pretty little colony of Natal. Should it ever be my good fortune to



re-visit South Africa, I certainly would make a determined effort to gain some experience of the Highlands of Natal, which, I am authentically informed, are quite as dry and invigorating as the Karoo in Cape Colony. I have now given a general outline of my interesting tour from the commencement up to the time of embarkation for the homeward voyage. My impressions were noted down as they occurred from day to day. I have striven faithfully to be accurate in my statements, and have in *every case* confirmed my personal impressions by independent authorities on any subject in question, before recording the same. In all cases I wish it to be understood that the *opinions* expressed are entirely my own, and are given in all honesty, without one moment desiring to offend the delicate susceptibilities of any readers, whilst at the same time expecting to receive that respect from all who may differ from my deductions ; that I, as a strong Conservative politician, have always conceded to my opponents, whose hands I have always been able to grasp in friendship's name after every fight. In conclusion, in this liberal spirit, I hope to offer the public a few thoughts, which have been inspired during my tour, on Health and Climate, the People, and the Political relations of Cape Colony and Natal with the Mother Country. I cannot but think the narrative of a traveller, simply seeking knowledge and instruction as well as health, with a practical experience of all sorts and conditions of men, in a commercial trip combined with pleasure, after traversing some 2,191 miles, through the

wonderful country in which he lately roamed, may prove of some use in awakening additional interest on the part of the general public, to one of the most go-ahead, promising, and valuable portions of the empire. In this spirit I offer these notes in the hope that they may receive a favourable reception. On the political aspect of affairs I have already spoken strongly but frankly, I hope not too much so; and after some month's consideration and the perusal of criticism from many friends at home, I cannot honestly withdraw or alter anything I have written, for the result of my personal observations has convinced me that I have only correctly expressed the opinions, very widely, and almost universally entertained by all classes of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in South Africa. In writing these articles on "A Trip to South Africa," my first care has been accuracy, and I thankfully acknowledge my indebtedness to the various leading publications of South African thought, and to three independent histories of "The Transvaal War." It must not be accepted that in attacking the policy of any one great statesman or public leader, necessarily that statesman is impeached in his personal capacity. It is important to bear this fact in mind, for I have and always shall respectfully and strongly deplore the action of Mr. Gladstone's administration and policy as regards South Africa, yet be it distinctly understood that in his *personal* capacity I have no criticism to advance, and in common with the majority of Englishmen cannot but admire a man who stands head and shoulders above his


fellows as a scholar, an orator, and a politician. Political controversy would not be possible, were political argument, denunciation, and warm invective to be applied in a personal sense. It is the policies we wrangle with, not the *men* who are the exponents of those policies, yet the reverse of this is a common and everyday error into which many people fall.

To briefly sum up the impressions left upon my mind after one of the most enjoyable trips possible for any man to make, will close my labours in the capacity of an amateur, which labour, though far from being an easy task, has afforded me great pleasure, in the hope that by my testimony our colonists may receive an increased amount of sympathy and interest from the home country in their efforts to occupy a front place in the progress of our Colonial Empire. The climate of South Africa has already been thoroughly and exhaustively described by many writers, but the *personal* experience of a "lungy" may be of more practical service to invalids similarly affected than volumes of theory.



## CHAPTER XV.

### *Health.*

LL the highest authorities and physicians of the day are now agreed that the interior of South Africa is almost unequalled for the remarkable salubrity of the climate and for the cure of chest disease and nerve complaint. The atmosphere of the high lands is so bright and clear, the air so dry, that it is impossible for any perspiration of the body to remain on the skin, all moisture being instantaneously absorbed by the atmosphere. In fact, so dry is it, that I found the ink corrode on my pen so quickly as to render writing a very difficult task. This will give some idea of the absorbing qualities of the air. In winter, I am told, the same conditions prevail. The climate is equally clear and dry, whilst the sun is agreeably warm in the day (although cold and frosty at night) and one only requires warm clothing in the early morning and evening. This is very necessary to remember, otherwise illness and consequent increase of lung trouble may be the result. In winter there is always a sudden great variation of temperature immediately the sun goes down, therefore in the afternoons of autumn and winter every invalid ought to be very careful in guarding

against this change, and should be provided with an extra garment or two to put on at sunset, in order to avoid chill. Having travelled one thousand seven hundred and eighty one miles in the interior of Cape Colony and round its entire coast by sea, the sum total of my experience can be condensed in very few sentences. As regards purity of air and healthy situation, for crisp dryness of atmosphere, Matjesfontein, in the Karoo, cannot be equalled. For lung complaints, asthma or bronchitis, this spot is not to be excelled in its restorative qualities. The fine invigorating climate of this altitude, pure as it is, cannot fail to benefit the invalid. There are, however, drawbacks to this and nearly every town in Cape Colony which must be expected in so comparatively a new and only recently established health resort. In Matjesfontein (which settlement I have fully described in a previous chapter) there is scarcely any society outside that of the genial proprietor and his family, which, by the way, is a great deal, and not to be lightly esteemed. From the present size of the place there is only accommodation for ten or twelve persons, and should a proportion of these happen to be the outer fringe of what is termed the "Cape Town aristocracy," then indeed the want of pleasant company and good fellowship would be severely felt. At the same time, let it be distinctly understood, this class, as at home, is fortunately small, and only comprises a very limited number of people, nearly all of whom hail from the home country, and with a love of display and vanity, try to borrow

a sham importance, to which they have no shadow of claim. In no case have I yet met a genuine colonist, or one who has spent ten years in the colony, who could with justice be included in this division of society.

In order to make a visit to Matjesfontein enjoyable, so that time does not hang heavily on hand, it is certainly advisable to provide one's self with some occupation such as painting and music, or some hobby like entomology, botany, or ornithology. For these pursuits Matjesfontein presents every facility, as it is very rich in specimens. I know of no place where more perfect rest can be obtained for body and mind, provided the patient can find sufficient interest, recreation and amusement in the beauties of the surrounding nature. Before sending out invalids from home, I think doctors should be most particular to take into consideration the tastes and dispositions of their patients. To many active natures so quiet a place as the Karoo would be a veritable prison, whilst to others of a contemplative turn of mind it would prove a perfect paradise of rest, and quiet uneventful enjoyment, only occasionally broken by the discovery of some new thing in the pursuit of a favourite science or hobby. In the treatment of disease of the body, I venture to think the mind ought also to receive an important place in the physician's consideration, and, as far as possible, that location of enforced exile should be selected which is most in harmony with both the physical and mental condition of the invalid. As Dr. Campbell says, "Recuperative forces for some men may be found in the hilarity of the

social circle, or in the pleasantries and banter and friendliness which predominate in some of our modern health resorts. Other men may be so constituted as to find the suitable conditions of restoration in climbing hills and breathing the pure, clear, bracing air of the mountains; while for others nothing short of a kind of Patmos may be necessary, where they can have no books, papers, or periodicals to read, and where they may feel themselves free from all cares and yet be without *ennui*. The physical constitution of some men may have so deteriorated that nothing short of absolute rest can be effectual in restoring them to health. What rest and sleep do every night for the weary sons of toil, a few weeks or months of rest and sound sleep may do for those who suffer from nervous prostration." The small town of Ceres, not far from Cape Town, has been very highly recommended for cases of phthisis. It is a very pretty spot, and well served as regards hotel accommodation, and has besides several good boarding houses. Though not nearly so elevated or possessing so dry and equable a climate as Matjesfontein, it has the advantage of resident medical men, in which really necessary requirement of any health resort, Matjesfontein is entirely wanting, though I have reason to believe Mr. Logan has a scheme in mind by which a large sanatorium will be built on his property which will be under the personal supervision of an eminent doctor. Should this scheme ever come to fruition, Matjesfontein will be just a perfect "cure" for diseases of the respiratory organs. Next in order

of merit, and almost its equal, is Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. At a great altitude above the sea level, the light dry atmosphere and equable climate make it peculiarly well suited to consumptive patients. Splendid accommodation is provided for strangers by three large and well conducted hotels, as well as two very good boarding-houses, where every home comfort can be obtained. There are also several good medical men practising in the town. For those who are able to stand the journey in easy stages, I know of no better place for a prolonged visit, as it is a lively little town, with just sufficient English society for an invalid. The sanitation, which a few years back was in a very neglected and unhealthy state, is to-day fairly good, and quite equal to that of the majority of the larger Cape towns. I would strongly recommend all "lungys" who are sent out to South Africa in search of perfect restoration to give the following programme a trial. Stay four days at Wynberg (eight miles from Cape Town) to get over the effects of the voyage; then spend a fortnight at Ceres; six weeks, or as long as you possibly can, at Matjesfontein; and the remainder of your time at Bloemfontein, where, with warm clothing, the winter is simply a perfect season of the year. The advantages of this plan is that all these places are on one direct line of railway from Cape Town, and also that the great change in the atmosphere between the coast and the highest point, Bloemfontein, is experienced gradually, and the harm which so violent a change as a



direct journey from point to point would occasion, is avoided. Kimberley has also a beautiful climate, and is decidedly a healthy spot, but it is rather out of the direct line of route, and, after all, will not hold its own with Bloemfontein, on account of the many dust storms which sweep over the place in summer, though during my stay there of a fortnight we never saw one of these drawbacks in the city of diamonds. There are, of course, many other splendid health resorts throughout the colony, such as Aliwal North, Graaf Reinet, Craddock, Middleburg, and Tarkstad, but not having had personal experience of these places I cannot give any opinion upon their claims. Of one thing I would strongly caution the invalid, and that is to avoid travelling long distances, and rushing about all over the country. Far greater beneficial results will be obtained by settling down in one of the places I have mentioned. Above all things, avoid the Transvaal on account of its awful deficiency in sanitation. Terrible neglect in this respect has been the cause of exceptional sickness and great mortality, for which certainly the climate is not responsible, as it equals that of Cape Colony in every respect. To render the undoubted excellencies of the South African climate more attractive to invalids who ought more largely to avail themselves of its advantages, it would be an excellent thing, as well as undoubtedly a paying speculation, if better hotels, fitted up with modern European improvements, managed by a capable man like Mr. Bunton, of the Grand Hotel at Port Elizabeth, or the many chefs of the splendid Swiss

hotels, were established both at Cape Town and up country towns as well, on a smaller or larger scale as the case might demand. With every respect to our leading physicians and medical advisers, who, I am aware, know far better than I do, I cannot help saying there are very many poor phthisical patients sent out here who never ought to have been allowed even the fatigue of the sea voyage, not to mention the lack of home comforts and necessities when they do reach the Cape. I have met not one or two, but eight or ten, who have arrived in Cape Town almost *in extremis*, lasted a few short weeks, and then died, away from friends, among strangers, with no loved ones to strengthen and comfort the soul on its first great change from body to the great eventful life beyond the grave. I do think it cruel in the extreme to expatriate dying men, when all possible hope of recovery is gone. One poor fellow I met arrived in so weak a condition that medical advice had to be obtained as soon as he landed. The doctor said there was a mistake somewhere, for the voyage had simply killed him, and it was a shameful thing to ever allow so advanced a case of consumption to leave his home. Hemorrhage set in, and exactly three weeks after arrival the poor fellow died with not a soul about him, excepting those strangers whose humanity prompted them to do all they could for a fellow creature in distress. Were consumptive cases sent out in the early stages of the disease I am convinced, if any treatment could effect a cure, the air and climate of the interior of this part of the world would do so.

As regards the people of South Africa. I have already given my opinion of the hospitable, generous, open-hearted, and courteous colonist; of the enterprising merchants and their upright and courteous system of doing business. I have also fully described the Kaffirs, the most numerous of the native races, whose character leaves so much room for improvement, and whose moral training and civilization provoke such disappointment in the minds of all who would like to see this physically fine race of men useful members of the great family of mankind. Of course the term "colonist" comprises all nationalities. In both Natal and Cape Colony we find the practical, determined, and energetic Anglo-Saxon, and the phlegmatic yet speculative German, the excited and vivacious Frenchman, the money-grasping Jew, whose love of gold has greatly reduced his Abrahamic nobility of thought and rendered his love of God and man more a withered form than reality. Then we also have the Arabs, Malays, Indian Coolies, Kaffirs, Zulus, and local tribes, as well as a few Negroes from north-east Africa. In these various representatives of different nations, peoples, and languages, one finds the component parts of the population of the two colonies.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *British Colonial Policy.*

**I**N conclusion, the political relations of Cape Colony and Natal with the Mother Country is the last subject relating to South Africa to which I shall refer. It is a very difficult and delicate question to touch upon; but it would be arrant cowardice on my part to avoid allusion to it, especially as this political problem has presented itself so prominently to me during the whole of my tour. It is also a question upon which I have spoken frequently in public whilst enjoying the hospitality of my fellow subjects at the Cape, whose mind and feeling I flatter myself I have been able to interpret. To any unprejudiced traveller the mournful mismanagement of South African affairs during the fifteen years preceding the advent of the late Conservative Government, especially during the last decade, appears truly lamentable, when the effect of that policy is personally experienced, and cannot fail to awaken the saddest feelings on the part of every loyal Briton and true hearted patriot. We have lost, I fear for ever, a splendid chance consolidating South Africa into a homogeneous union, under the British Crown. Our

ignorance of the value of the Transvaal and the fierce animosity of our party political prejudices allowed us to let slip this opportunity, and silently accept a crushing defeat upon the battlefield, yielding a valuable tract of country as the spoil to the victors. Such supineness on the part of our legislators has had the effect of creating the very sorest feelings against our Home Government on the part of the large English population spread over the land. The old love for the British flag, thorough true hearted loyalty, and respect for our Queen, is widely cherished. But it was impossible for me to shut my eyes to the evidence so continually brought before me, that the British Government is neither loved nor very much respected. No confidence whatever is felt in it; and no wonder. Everywhere there are proofs of how all have been allowed to suffer and smart under it. What the colonists complain of is that our political relations with them are feeble, vacillating, uncertain, and change with every new Prime Minister. They never know where they are, or whether the pledges given by one Government at home may not be completely ignored by its successor. The fact is the people of South Africa are very much like other people. They are determined to make their policy themselves, and will not tamely allow the policy of their country to be framed in Downing Street, after Downing Street's miserable failure in the past. As Mr. J. X. Merriman, the present colonial treasurer, said at the Royal Colonial Institute in November, 1888, "Let us manage our own affairs. *Laissez faire, laissez aller*—that is our policy for South Africa.

There are no nostrums required. The one thing required is the gradual bringing of the Dutch and English together. There are no two nations more fitted to unite. You know how like the Dutch are to Englishmen. The Boer is as like the English farmer as possible. There are no people more fond of manly sports than the Dutch; they enter into them heartily, and in the cricket and football fields they are among the best players. They are as fond of riding and shooting as Englishmen are. In fact, the Cape Dutch and the English are as like as heaven can make them, and the only thing that keeps them apart is man's prejudice. The one thing to do is to bring them together, and not go girding at them and writing against Boer ways, but recognise the fact that they were the pioneers in South Africa, and that they are the only people at present who will settle on the land." I have seen Cape Colony and its people thoroughly, and with their inbred shrewdness and loyalty to the Empire, as a whole, I am convinced that if our politicians will but allow them a free hand in dealing with their own affairs, and safeguard their interests in all foreign treaties and policy, giving them proof that their welfare, as one of our important colonies, is regarded as worthy of attention by those nearest the Crown, when England's day of trial comes in some great continental war, she will find a multitude of South African bayonets and South African sturdy hearts, side by side with her own soldiers, place their services at her disposal, and no mean help would they prove. It is a question of time, and time only, when all mismanagement and mis-rule of

our colonies will be a thing of the past. Anyone who takes the trouble to look back for the better part of a century will find himself drawn into making a study of the various phases of British Colonial policy. At the beginning of this century Great Britain had nothing that could be called a Colonial Empire. The United States has just severed the connection with her, and had started on a career of progress and prosperity, which has been in many respects the astonishment of the world. Australasia was unknown, save as a possible dumping ground for convicts. South Africa was still in the hands of the Dutch—that is, such small portions of it as were not in their state of pristine savagery. India was the hunting ground of the East India Company—a vast array of Native States, with a few scattered European factories or trading stations. Even in the West Indies British authority was undetermined and doubtful. The only portion of the present Colonial Empire which was then in existence was Canada, and even there it was a case of British rule being imposed by the fortunes of war on original French settlements. Hence it was perfectly natural that the management of the colonies should be regarded from a military point of view, and placed under the control of military authorities. From the commencement of the century till the year 1854 the business of the colonies was carried on at the War Office. A colony was valued in proportion as it was important as a military station, and if it answered that purpose no one cared what happened to the colonists.

The kind of government, in fact, that went on in Cape Town for the first half of the century was very typical of the government of the colonies all over the world. Then in 1854 or thereabouts, a new idea sprang up. The gold discoveries in Australia gave rise to the thought that colonies might be a source of commercial wealth to the parent country. Colonists became valuable, and it was considered worth while to encourage them. Constitutional privileges were granted here, there, and everywhere, so that men in England might be encouraged to go and hoe colonial potatoes for feeding hungry mouths at home. Subsequently, and indeed within the last fifteen or twenty years, the Imperial idea has cropped up. This grand idea is not so much that the colonies are to be useful commercially to the interests of Great Britain, as that Great Britain and her colonies *together* shall form one vast community, which shall over-awe and control the fiery spirits of the rest of the world. The thing being to have an Empire on which the sun never sets, it was desirable to make that Empire as large as possible—to increase its area in every possible direction, so that anyone who looked at the map of the world, and saw how much red colouring there was upon it, might abandon all idea of setting up any influence in opposition. Lately this rage of John Bull's for land-grabbing has been qualified by an uneasy sort of suspicion that mere extension of territory may prove a source rather of weakness than of strength. This apprehension, indeed, has been the strongest argument in the hands of Radicals, who have declaimed



against the unlimited extension of the British Empire. "You are increasing British responsibilities," they say, "without at the same time increasing the country's power of dealing with those responsibilities." At the same time, while wishing to limit Imperial responsibility, the Radicals have been staunch upholders of the constitutional rights of colonists, and their claim to Home Rule.

More recently, however, a change seems to have come over the Radical colonial policy, and there is less said about Imperial responsibilities and colonial rights, and a great deal more about the opportunities afforded by the colonies for speculative operations on the Stock Exchange. Instead of sending out convicts to the colonies, there is a disposition on the part of all classes to send out all the wild-cat schemes for making money, which schemes are out of date and behind the times in England. It is a noticeable fact that the Radical members of Parliament who have visited South Africa have nearly all, if not quite all, been in some way or other connected with speculative companies. There is no particular harm in that, they are wise men in their generation, and are to be commended for their wisdom, but the point is that it brings to our knowledge the existence of a new colonial policy, connecting itself with the Radical creed. Colonies are no longer valuable as dumping grounds for convicts, or for providing appointments for the needy relations of English statesmen. They are, however, valuable as speculative hunting grounds for enterprising politicians. That appears to

be the tendency of the latest phase of colonial policy, and it is important to take note of it by reason of a possibility of the Radical party being, before many months, returned to power at home. It is not a satisfactory or healthy policy, nor a policy in any way calculated to attract colonists to Great Britain. Colonists might very well say, "If you do not value the colonies from a military point of view, or from a general commercial point of view, or from an Imperial standpoint, but only as a convenient area in which you may start joint stock enterprises for the plundering of the pockets of your neighbours at home, we do not think very much of you. We do not see why the tie between the colonies and the parent country should be kept up for such a purpose. If you want fields for speculation turn your attention to foreign countries, and do not spoil our trade and commerce by continual booms with all their attendant ruinous consequences; or, if you are really bent on these exploits, act up to your old principles and leave us please." That is a prominent colonist's opinion almost word for word, and the result of such a policy would be for many reasons most regretted.

I really think South Africa is emulating the admirable example set by Australia, slowly and almost imperceptibly drifting towards African confederation, and eventually the universal Imperial Federation of Great Britain and all her dependencies, which latter event is a certainty in the womb of the future. Not a sham Federation, but a constitutional system, under which she would be no

longer misruled and misunderstood by a Government in which she has no share, in which she places no confidence, and by whom her wants and wishes are frequently ignored. It is not, as is frequently untruly asserted by writers and speakers who have neither studied, comprehended, nor understood its theory and intention, its end and aim, that it means the subjugation of the independence of the colonies to the control of the Mother Country. As an enthusiastic advocate of the consolidation of our mighty empire and its people, who are kith and kin, I strongly protest against such erroneous interpretations of the true meaning of Imperial Federation. On the contrary, this great principle clearly and distinctly involves the condition that the colonies are to take their adequate part and share with the Mother Country in its future concrete constitution, as well as its responsibilities. In a brief but expressive phrase Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., describes Imperial Federation as "The Government of the Empire by the Empire." Therefore, in the sense of this definition, South Africa would be fairly and influentially represented in the councils of the nation along with the other Colonies of Great Britain. In union with them she would take her part in guiding the policy and directing the destinies of the whole of the British Empire. Then every part of the Queen's dominions would be bound together with bands of common interests more lasting than those of steel, with cords that no racial animosities or the inefficiency of

individual statesmen could sever. The whole heart of Britain's children would beat in one equal throb, the interests of every particular colony would receive equal consideration with those of the Mother Country. Sleepy Downing Street, with its blunders and miles of red tape officialism, would be relegated to limbo, and each member would have a voice in the colonial and foreign policy of the empire. Australia has already made one forward step in the right direction, and I do not think South Africa will be long in following her lead.

I think I have now given your readers as careful a description of Cape Colony as my limited ability permits. I have written honestly and fearlessly what I believe from my soul to be the truth, and in no case have I wilfully deviated from exactness in order to flatter or please either our colonists on this side or my countrymen and neighbours at home. I have depicted South Africa as I have seen it, and if my vision or conception be faulty I can but ask for kindly sympathy on the part of all readers for youthful inexperience. As regards accuracy of facts and descriptions of the people, the country, and its political requirements, no pains have been spared by me to verify every single statement by the comparison of my own information, with well-known and accepted authorities. I exceedingly regret I have been unable to give Natal more time and attention, and so make a complete survey of the British South African Colonies, but this omission was unavoidable on account of the time at my disposal being too short to do anything like

justice to the claims which this smaller, though important, colony has upon the consideration of our thinking men at home. It is especially unfortunate, as Natal has only recently, for the first time, demanded "Responsible Government," or Home Rule, which has been conceded by the Home Government. I should have greatly liked to have dived into this difficult question, and, in fact, had a long conversation with the most prominent member of the Natal Legislative Council, who initiated me into it, but as I have had no means of hearing the testimonies and arguments on the side of those opposed to the scheme, and never write from hearsay, with reluctance, and in justice to my readers, I must leave a full description of Natal and its people till I make another visit to the sunny south.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### *The Voyage Home.*

**W**E embarked on our homeward voyage per the Union Steamship Company's fine vessel *The Tartar*, the third largest ship of the fleet, at Durban, on 4th April, and right away as far as Madeira had one of the smoothest possible passages. One could almost have played billiards on board, in fact the sea was like a mill pond the whole way. This was not without its drawback, however. When we reached the tropics we experienced four of the hottest, broiling, cloudless days I ever remember. One could hardly get enough air to keep the panting lungs supplied with sufficient oxygen. Not a breath upon the waters reminded one rather graphically of "the Ancient Mariner" and his miseries. Thankful enough were we when we reached ten degrees north latitude, where the first breeze cast a gentle ripple upon the sea of waters. Fortunately the health of the passengers was well sustained, the only consequence of such heat being severe colds, which, of course, to be in fashion, I naturally was the first one to catch, hard as I strove to avoid the possibility of a chill. Doctors say an active skin is

healthy. It may be, but it is intensely inconvenient, and a capital bait for catarrh, as I know to my cost. We had a very full passenger list, which included "all sorts and conditions of men." Colonists on a trip "Home" for a holiday. Tourists who had simply made a summer trip to avoid a winter season at home. Invalids, like myself, suffering from either chest complaints or the result of overwork, all of whom, I am pleased to say, were returning the picture of health with cheerful, happy spirits. As a company, the gentlemen were all very well matched and worked together for the general well being and pleasure of the whole. Not once during the voyage was there a single unpleasant incident, or an unkind, uncharitable temper shewn or expressed on the part of any. Of course we had all the component parts of human nature represented. There was the fussy, rather conceited little man, who must always be busy and have a finger in every pie, as well as an official position on every committee, without whom naturally nothing could be done or succeed. But even he was a jovial little fellow, and had no sharp angular corners to constantly fret his neighbours' ribs. We had also the scientific man, who was a walking encyclopædia on all matters connected with most scientific subjects from entomology to astronomy, and to converse with whom was both instruction and recreation. He was none of your austere frigid Carlyle, or cynical Voltaire, but a genial, jolly good fellow, who could as much enjoy the sight of an "obstacle race" as the dissection of the foot of a frog. Then there was Captain Barrow, R.N.,

commander of H.M.S. *Raleigh*, the guardship of the colony ; he was every inch a gentleman sailor. With all the hearty good humour of a son of the sea he combined the happy gifts of a perfect energetic entertainer. He was the mainspring of all our amusements, and the father of all the fun we had on board. He was ably seconded by Lord Ernest Hamilton, whose gifts as an amateur actor and athlete are not inconsiderable. Among the lady passengers, there were, as is the case upon most ocean greyhounds, small and select cliques, but, happily for the comfort of all, the majority consisted of those amiable, kind and sociable ladies, who are always welcome in every company. On April 25th the comedy of "Our Boys" was given by some of our passengers, assisted by the captain and doctor of the ship, and a most creditable and splendid performance it was. The part of Sir Geoffrey Champneys, taken by Lord Ernest Hamilton, and that of Parkyn Middlewick by Captain McLean Wait, were beyond all praise. Both Lord Hamilton and Captain Wait were inimitable, and their performance showed artistic ability and acute perception of their respective characters. Mr. Webb, son of the Bishop of Grahamstown, appeared as Talbot Champneys, and acted his part with equal merit, in fact he quite astonished us all by his ability and cool self-possession. The role of Belinda, the slavey, was admirably taken by a charming young lady, whom one would have thought an impossibility in such a character; for she murdered Queen's English splendidly,



and received the unanymous appreciation of the audience as far the best of the lady actresses, whose performances were rather indifferent on the whole, though one would be very fastidious to criticise too carefully the efforts of those who had given up a large portion of their time in studying so long and difficult a comedy, for the simple enjoyment of their fellow travellers. It is no easy task to successfully carry out to its close so ambitious an effort as this on board a steamer, where every piece of scenery and stage property has to be manufactured at short notice, from the limited materials at hand. The acknowledgments of the passengers were heartily given to Captain Wait, who originated and carried out the whole entertainment, from the coaching of his company—who, being all amateurs, had much to learn—to the mounting and arrangement of the stage and decoration of the theatre. Without exception this was one of the greatest successes I have witnessed on board a ship. The *Tartar* is a fine vessel, with the first-class saloon and sleeping apartments forward before the engines, by which arrangement all oscillation of the screw is avoided. I far prefer this internal arrangement to that of the usual kind, with the first-class compartment aft, where every stroke of the piston shakes one out of the kindly arms of Morpheus. The captain is one of the “popular men of the service,” and is indefatigable in his efforts to secure the comfort and enjoyment of his passengers. I cannot speak too highly of his efforts and success in this respect. Naturally a man brimful of spirits, good humour, fun, life, and activity, he enters heartily into

every sport or amusement that may be desired. At the same time, Captain McLean Wait is a strict disciplinarian on board his ship. I pity the poor sailor or steward who is caught neglecting his duty ; his would be unenviable shoes to stand in when face to face with his commander. In a vessel of this kind teeming with human freight, and conveying, as we are this voyage, hundreds of thousands of gold bullion, lax discipline would be the easiest plan to court certain danger. At the same time Captain Wait proves the truth of the saying, that a man can be good company and a jolly good fellow, as well as an able seaman and a strict commander. The cleanliness in which this ship is kept is sufficient testimony to the character of its captain. Our voyage was very much a *replica* of the outward one. We had the same variety of amusements with which we could wile away our time—cricket, quoits, dances, &c. We made an uneventful passage to Madeira through the smoothest seas, which greatly enhanced the pleasure and comfort of the passengers. A short stay of a few hours at this ever beautiful and sunny little island, where we once more joined hands and were welcomed by old friends, and then we are away speeding towards Home, sweet Home. My task is now completed, and in concluding this narrative of a traveller simply seeking health, instruction, and knowledge, as well as amusement, from a few months' tour after travelling some fourteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven miles, I sincerely express the wish to my countrymen at home and beyond the seas that my labours

may in some measure tend to draw in ever closer union the hearts and interests of both countries. To all my colonial friends who have treated me with such princely hospitality, as well as greatly helped me in this labour of portraying their country, by their experience and criticism, I once more bid a hearty "Au revoir," and tender my sincere thanks.

" Home from afar,

After some months away !

Forth o'er the heaving bar,

And out into the spray !

Home ! Homeward bound !

The winged ocean breeze

Carries the thrilling sound

In triumph o'er the seas.

" Home ! Homeward bound !

Oh hope, whose quenchless rays

Show through the gloom profound,

Of sad and lonely days !

Shall our glad eyes

See on some glorious morn

O'er ocean's verge uprise

The land where we were born ?

" Home from afar !

Though Death has claimed his own,

And set is many a star

That on our parting shone.

Some fond heart yet

Doth for our coming beat ;

Someone whose words shall set

Our rapture when we meet !

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“ Speed on, brave ship,  
Through daylight and through dark !  
Like shaft from bow let slip,  
Fly straight towards thy mark !  
Proud from thy prow  
Fling off the frothing foam,  
For swift thou cans't not go  
For those thou bearest home.”

THE END.



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**This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building**

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